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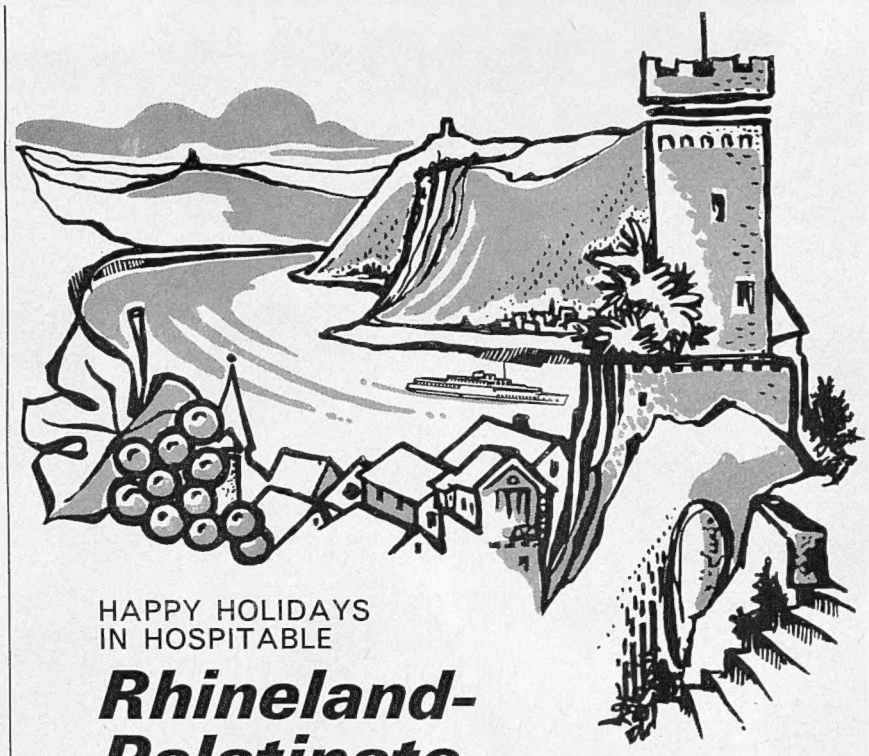

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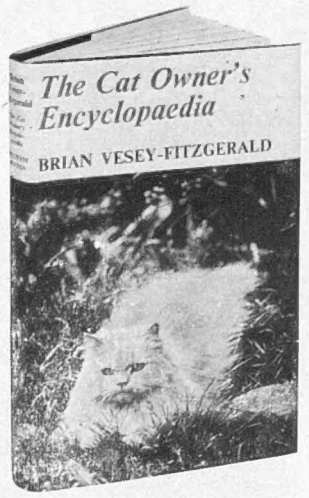

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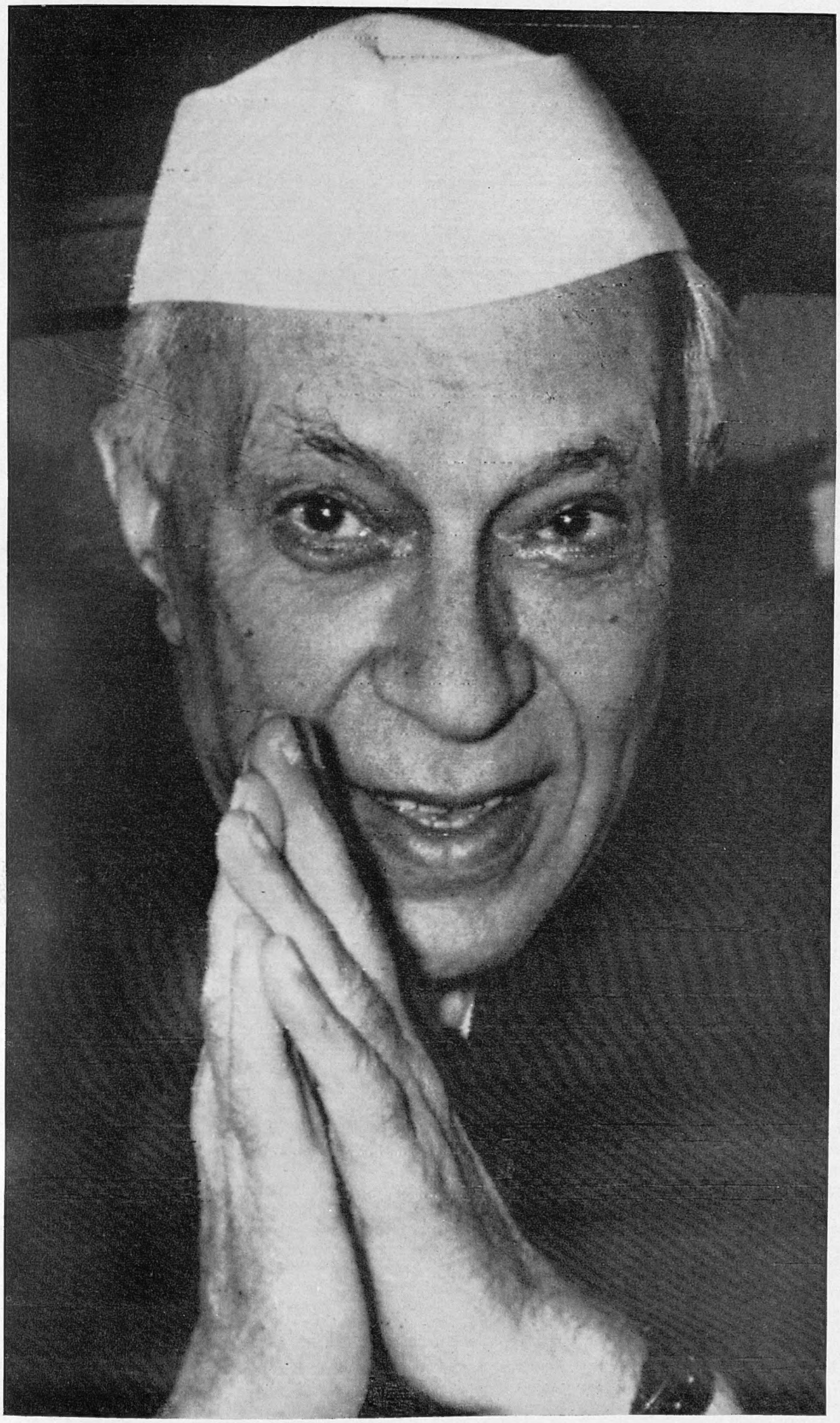


ANXIETY IN INDIA

Mr Nehru, the Indian Prime Minister, returns to New Delhi from Bhubaneswar in North-East India. It was revealed at the beginning of this week, on his arrival in the Indian capital, that Mr Nehru had suffered a mild stroke. This had prevented him from attending meetings of the Congress party annual session in Bhubaneswar, and he has been ordered a complete rest. Although Mr Nehru continued to make decisions, his routine work was being shared by two Ministers in his Government. The news about Mr Nehru came at a time when India was suffering from grave internal differences, with continuing tension in Kashmir, and religious rioting in Calcutta. Last weekend the Indian Army took full control of several areas of Calcutta after civil authorities had been unable to control outbreaks of violence between Hindus and Moslems

THE STATE OF THE UNION

80 A wise contemporary American commentator, writing in the *New York Times* at the end of 1963, declared that: " One problem before the country in the new year will be to retain something of the generous and even noble spirit that unified the American people after the death of President Kennedy." These were the words of Mr James Reston, who has surveyed the Washington scene under many Presidents as astutely and candidly as he once reported from London on war-time England.

In his State of the Union message, delivered to a joint session of Congress last week, President Johnson rose generously and even nobly to the occasion. His address was forcefully spoken and received with frequent bursts of applause. By tradition, State of the Union messages seek to set the tone for the forthcoming year as well as to sum up the achievements of the year past. Since 1964 in the United States culminates in the Presidential election next November, much importance attached to the emphasis with which Mr Johnson expressed himself on domestic problems. In effect, he has strongly endorsed Mr Kennedy's policies and added some imaginative touches of his own. As Kennedy's policies were running into all kinds of Congressional difficulties last year, this is a bold beginning on the part of the new President and one that confirms the world-wide estimates of his decisive character.

Visitors from this country to America are apt to stay in the largest and richest cities and participate, through the courtesy of their genial hosts, in a much higher standard of living than is customary in Britain. It may come as a surprise to many Englishmen, therefore, who have not walked through American slums or driven into the depressed areas of the Appalachians, to hear President Johnson's admission that: " Unfortunately many Americans live on the outskirts of hope—some because of their poverty, some because of their colour, and all too many because of both." Four million workers, he estimated, and 13 per cent. of American industrial capacity are now idle. This state of affairs presents a challenge to which Mr Johnson has come up with an ambitious response.

War on poverty was the keynote of the President's speech, for poverty is the plight of about one-fifth of American families. The details of his plans are far-ranging, including new programmes for depressed areas, re-development schemes, legislation for the employment of youth, the establishment of a domestic Peace Corps on the lines of the welfare body already operating overseas under President Kennedy's fiat, and an extension of Federal aid for education, housing, and hospital insurance for the aged.

Some Republican Senators were naturally heard to question where the money would come from to finance these outlays. There is a terrible fear, common to American legislators, that the crack of doom would be nigh if the Federal Budget ever exceeded $100 billion. Mr Johnson was able to claim with justice that: " Wages, profits and family income are at their highest level in history," and well placed to sustain an expansion in social

President Johnson gives his State of the Union address to the joint session of Congress in Washington

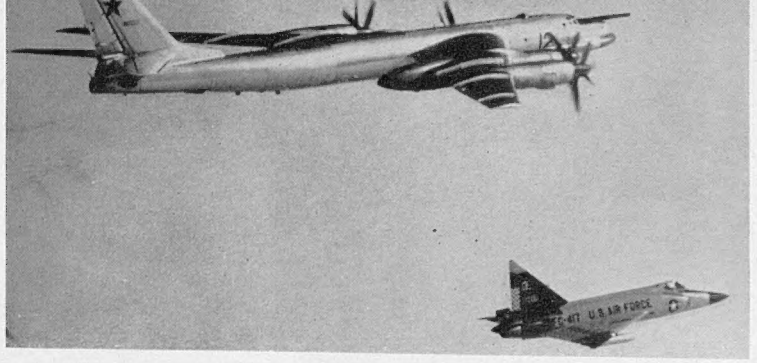
expenditure. He was also able to demonstrate the advantages of frugality. Cuts in the defence and nuclear programmes have allowed him for the time being to keep the Budget below the astronomical $100 billion. Ingenuity and good luck have here gone hand in hand, and this will greatly benefit his election campaign next autumn.

Mr Johnson concluded his address, which was notably concise and pungent, with some resounding phrases: " I ask you now," he said, " to join with me in working for a nation that is free from want, and a world that is free from hate, a world of peace and justice, freedom and abundance for our time and for all time to come."

If Mr Johnson can hold Congress to this ideal, and he is a master of Congressional tactics, he will be in one of the strongest positions an American President has ever occupied when seeking re-election. For his opponents are now in some disarray. One of my American relations has worked for Governor Nelson Rockefeller of New York and is devoted both to him and his progressive principles; but even she admits that divorce and remarriage have damaged his prospects; that he is regarded by many of his fellow citizens, like our Mr Macleod, as " too clever by half," and that there are dangers in his campaign of seeming to preach a gospel of " Me-too-ism."

As for Senator Barry Goldwater of Arizona, young English friends of mine who have met him and heard him speak, proclaim him a man of infinitely more variety of mind than newspaper reports would suggest. But could he really win an election on policies that would have looked rock-ribbed in President Hoover's time, and with an attitude on international affairs not so very different from the late Senator McCarthy's? That leaves as possible Republican candidates the inscrutable Mr Nixon, who has already lost once, and such dark horses as Governor Scranton of Pennsylvania whom General Eisenhower has sought to spur into the arena. In short, Democratic prospects look better than they have ever been.

In politics, however, anything can happen and, for all his managerial gifts, Mr Johnson may run into difficulties on Capitol Hill just as troublesome as Kennedy's. And then there is the challenge of the foreign scene. Mr Johnson



Left: Deep in the Arctic Circle, a Russian Bear long-range reconnaissance aircraft (top) and a US F-102 jet fighter reconnoitre each other
Below: One of the dark horse Republican possibilities for the Presidential race is Governor William Scranton of Pennsylvania

Above: Declared candidate for the Republican nomination, Governor Rockefeller, of New York (right)
Left: In Warwickshire, the first of 400 British buses for Cuba nears completion. The deal was attacked in the US press
Above left: The other declared Republican candidate is Senator Goldwater

has followed the broad line of his predecessor's thinking on the subject of Cold War. In his State of the Union message he said:

" Finally, we must develop with our allies new means of bridging the gap between east and west, facing danger boldly wherever danger exists, but being equally bold in our search for new agreements which can enlarge the hopes of all while violating the interests of none. . . . We intend to bury no one—and we do not intend to be buried. We can fight if we must, and we have fought before, but we pray we will never have to fight again."

Relaxing the conditions of Cold War calls for patient and sometimes disappointing manoeuvres, as has been the experience of three British Prime Ministers since Lord Avon made the first attempt at his summit meeting of 1956 in Geneva. But there are rewards to be won, as the partial Test Ban Treaty proves. Nevertheless, American public opinion can be extremely touchy on the issues involved. The widespread reaction of horror in America to the sale of non-martial British buses to Cuba offers a pointed example. If buses for Castro cause such controversy, what would happen if larger deals were proposed with Communist and semi-Communist countries?

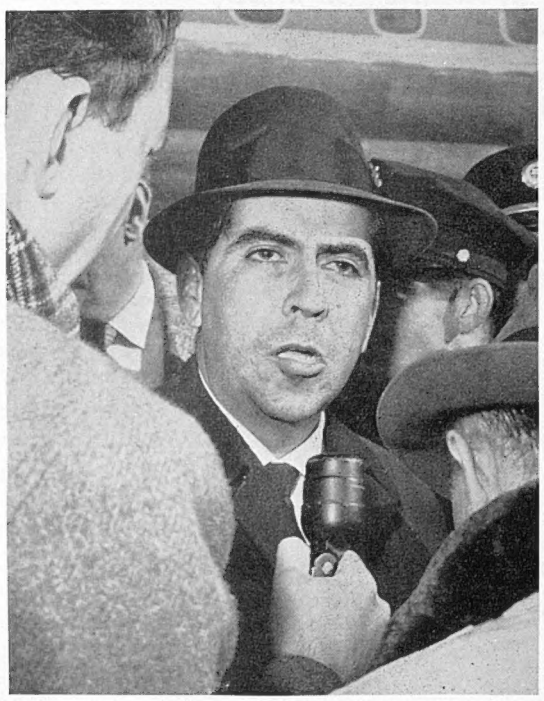
Fortunately, President Johnson has begun his operations in the international field with a sure sense of diplomacy. His meeting with Chancellor Erhard of Germany on the L. B. J. ranch did not lack sentimental touches, such as the wearing of ten-gallon hats and the singing of *Tief in dem Herzen von Texas,* but it was marked by a frank and hard-headed exchange of views, in no way disturbing to America's other allies. The German Government itself has emerged with a much clearer appreciation of American ideas on the future of central Europe.

Perhaps a newspaper story best illustrates some of the qualities of the new President's cool, relaxed, but confident, energetic mind. White House scrambler telephones have been installed in most of the buildings upon his ranch. Thus, while he is " fertilising his land with its owner's footprints," to use a favourite phrase of his, he is never out of direct touch with world events. One of these telephones is in his cousin's house. " Don't pick up that," he warned his cousin, " Khrushchev might answer."

Alan Hodge

ANTI-AMERICAN RIOTS IN PANAMA

82 Rioting continued in Panama last weekend as members of the Inter-American Peace Commission, which had arrived in Panama City, sought to find ways of ending the crisis. A peace-keeping mission of US and Panamanian representatives, under a neutral chairman from the Organisation of American States, was proposed. The incident which sparked off the rioting and fighting between Panamanians and US Forces in the Canal Zone came last week when the American flag was flown alone outside Balboa High School. This was contrary to a joint statement made last year by Panama and the US. After anti-American rioting, President Chiari suspended relations with the US. Over several years relations between the two countries have deteriorated as Panamanian nationalistic sentiments grew stronger. The trouble lies in the treaty under which the US controls the Panama Canal and the land of the Canal Zone, five miles on either side of the Canal. Panama has been claiming a larger share of the revenues of the Canal, the transfer of some of the unused land of the Zone, and more effective recognition of Panamanian sovereignty over the Canal.

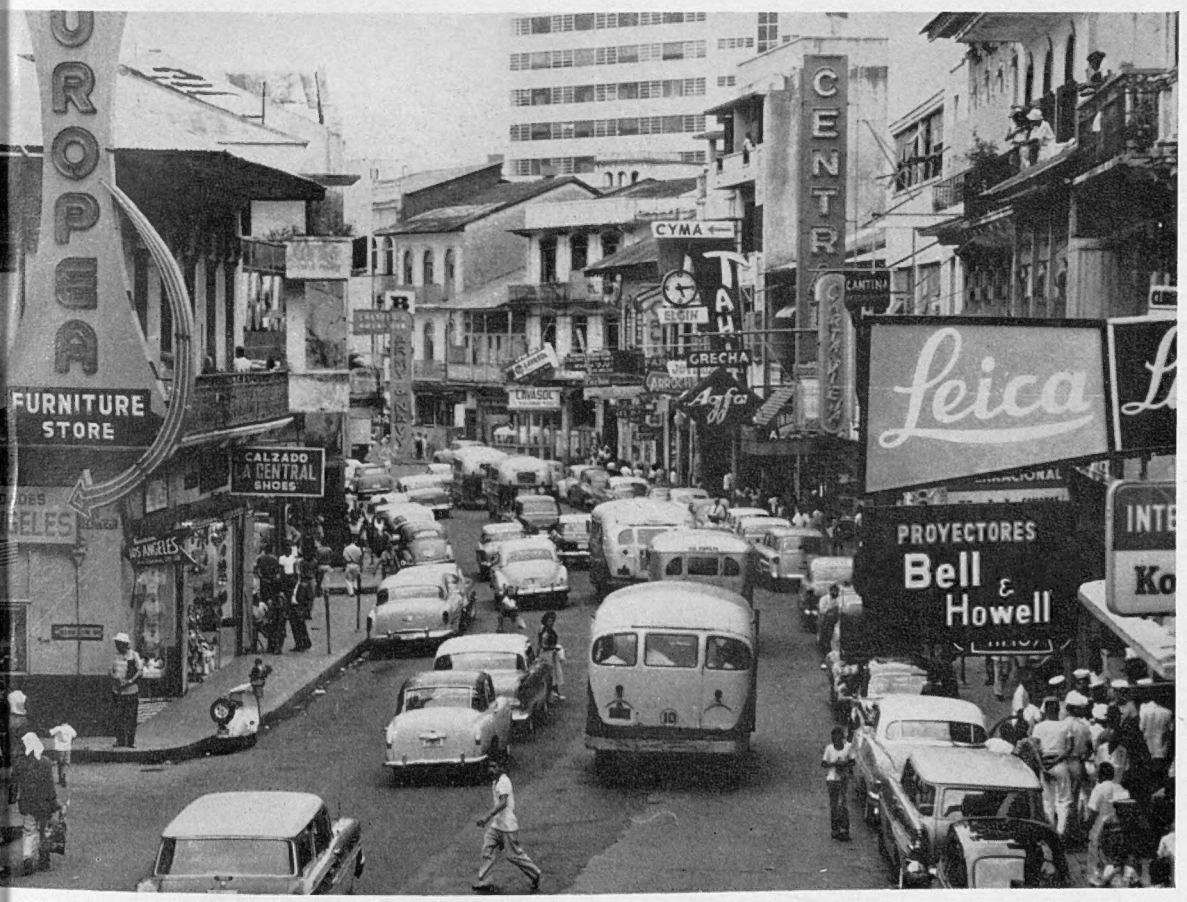


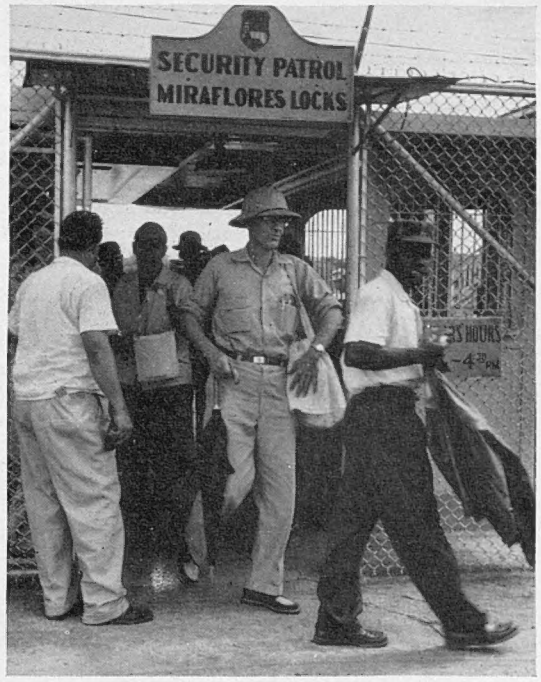
Above : Dr Boyd, Panamanian Ambassador to the UN, talks to reporters in New York

Top: In Panama City, Panamanian soldiers wear gas masks as protection against tear gas

Above right: President Chiari of Panama, from the balcony of his palace, addresses demonstrators

Right: US soldiers drive back Panamanian rioters after they had crossed the border of the Canal Zone





Above: Canal employees leave the security area at Miraflores
Left: The main street of Panama City, the Avenida Central. The photograph was taken before rioting broke out last week

Top: The Panama Canal seen from the air. Foreground, from the Pacific side, are the two-step Miraflores locks. Behind is the Miraflores Lake and background are the Pedro Miguel locks

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Coal for more electricity

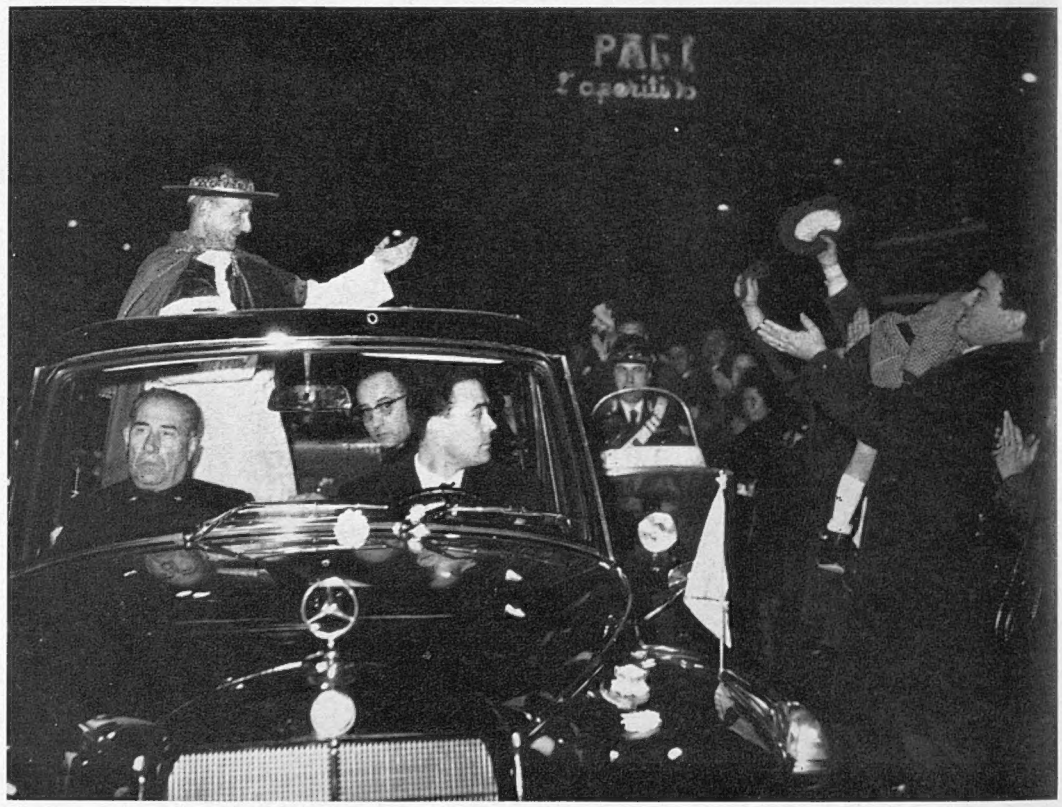
Dr Beeching, Chairman of the British Railways Board (right) and Sir Christopher Hinton, the Chairman of the Central Electricity Generating Board (left) sign a long-term agreement on the rates for delivering coal to power stations, including six new stations each of 2,000 mw. capacity under construction. Behind are Mr F. H. S. Brown, Deputy Chairman CEGB (left) and Mr S. E. Raymond, a member of the BRB. Coal-fired power stations fed by hopper wagons of new design are planned to meet the national target of four per cent. growth and a proportionate increase in the demand for electricity. It is hoped to double the capacity of generating plant in Britain by the end of 1970

Sudanese reception in London

The Sudanese Ambassador, H. E. Sayed Hussein, is flanked by two of his guests at a reception in London on the anniversary of independence of Sudan. Left is Sir Alexander Drummond and right Sir Harry Brittain. Sir Harry celebrated his 90th birthday last month

The Pope back in Rome

Crowds cheer Pope Paul VI on his return to Rome after his three-day historic pilgrimage to the Holy Land. The Pope was back in the Vatican last week. As he drove from the airport to St. Peter's Square, dense crowds, filled with enthusiasm, lined the route



New helicopter services by BEA

Lord Balfour of Inchrye (right), Chairman of the newly announced BEA Helicopters Ltd., shakes hands with the General Manager of this subsidiary of BEA, Captain Cameron, having arrived at Northolt by helicopter. The subsidiary is to start multi-engined helicopter services between Land's End and the Scilly Isles this summer

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Another stage on the M4

The view of the construction of part of the M4 London to South Wales motorway shows the new roundabout at Langley, with work proceeding on one of the 12 new bridges that cross this stretch. The first phase of this section was completed last week

Mr Thorneycroft in Malaysia

The British Minister of Defence, Mr Peter Thorneycroft, at the National Operations room in the capital of Malaysia, Kuala Lumpur, during his tour of British bases in the Far East. With him is Tun Abdul Razak, the Malaysian Minister of Defence. Mr Thorneycroft planned to visit Bahrein, Cyprus and Malta, but returned to London early for a Defence debate in the Commons

Brighter play for rugby

Members of the Rugby Union International Board, with their Chairman, Mr Wilson Shaw (centre), answer questions at a Press conference, after their conference in London on the laws of the game. The Board last week decided on sweeping revisions in the scrums and lineouts to provide more open play

NEWS SUMMARY

Rebel coup in Zanzibar; London talks on Cyprus; controversy over Britain's defence policy; and trouble over the Jordan waters

86 **ZANZIBAR**

In a sudden coup, a revolutionary government led by Sheikh Abeid Karume seized power in Zanzibar last Sunday. The Sultan Seyyid bin Khalifa and the Arab Prime Minister, Sheikh Mohammed Shamte Hamadi, took refuge offshore in the Sultan's yacht. As the rebels fought for key points in the island, three people were reported killed and 24 injured. Britain ordered the Naval survey ship, the *Owen*, to the scene to assist, if necessary, the 300 Britons there. The recently appointed British High Commissioner in Zanzibar, Mr T. L. Crosthwaite, reported that there was little immediate danger for the British. Americans were evacuated by a US destroyer. Sheikh Karume, named President of the new " Government of the Revolutionary Party," is leader of the African-supported Afro Shirazi Party. The deposed Prime Minister was leader of the Zanzibar and Pemba People's Party, supported largely by the 15 per cent. Arab population. The new Foreign Minister was reported to be Sheikh Mohammed Babu, leader of the banned Umma party. It was the banning of this party by the old Government that sparked off the revolution. On seizing control, Sheikh Karume sent warnings not to interfere to Britain, America, China and Uganda, but not to the Government of Kenya.

CYPRUS

Leaders from Cyprus, Greece and Turkey arrived in London for the peace talks due to start at Marlborough House last Wednesday. Turkish Cypriots in London were at the airport to cheer Mr Rauf Denktash, leader of the Turkish Cypriot delegation, and later Greek Cypriots were on hand to welcome Mr Spyros Kyprianou, the Cyprus Foreign Minister. Other arrivals were Mr Erkin, the Turkish Foreign Minister, and Mr Palamas, the Greek Foreign Minister. It seemed unlikely that the conference would accept either Enosis (union with Greece), or partition, but would concentrate on redrafting the constitution while providing adequate minority safeguards. UN presence in Cyprus has not been ruled out.

GREAT BRITAIN

It has been a busy political week. Dr Erhard, the West German Chancellor, fresh from his meetings with President Johnson in Texas, flew into London for official talks. Subjects were expected to include the Nato Mixed-Manned Force and political co-operation in Europe. Parliament reassembled last Tuesday, with a major clash expected on Thursday in the debate on an Opposition motion on defence. Mr Wilson, the Opposition Leader, announced he would use the debate to propose private talks between the two party leaders on the basic facts of Britain's defence position. It was also expected that Government statements would be made during the week on the proposed sale of the British Lion film company into private hands and on Resale Price Maintenance. A private member's bill proposing total abolition of RPM was down for Friday.

The Labour Party plans for its pre-election campaigning are centred round six key speeches that Mr Wilson is to make between January 19 and April 5, in Birmingham, Swansea, Leeds, Liverpool, Edinburgh and London. They will stress the " New Frontier " appeal in education and technology.

The strike at the Steel Company of Wales works at Port Talbot continued over last weekend. Mr Godber, the Minister of Labour, was to make another attempt to break the deadlock.

MIDDLE EAST

Heads of State of 13 Arab countries met in Cairo at the Arab League headquarters early this week to discuss joint action in face of Israel's intention to divert water from the River Jordan into the Negev desert. President Nasser was said to be opposed to military intervention until some form of political unity had been achieved first. He was also concerned lest Syria should take unilateral action against Israel, when the rest of the Arab states were unprepared.

FRANCE

After months of speculation in the French press about an anonymous " Monsieur X," Gaston Defferre, the Socialist mayor of Marseilles, emerged at the weekend as a challenger to General de Gaulle for the Presidency. M. Defferre, whose candidacy awaits endorsement by next month's Socialist Party congress, said that the risk of being beaten at the election—two years off if de Gaulle does not decide to call it earlier—was worthwhile if it crystallised the opposition and produced a real national debate, of which France had been deprived for five years. Defferre was expected to put forward a socialistic policy, rather than to run purely as a party candidate, in order to win support from all parties of the left, including the communists.

UNITED STATES

The contract under which Russia will buy one million tons of American wheat was signed in Moscow by Mr Leonid Matveyev, chairman of the Exportkhleb foreign trade organisation, and Mr Roy Folk, vice-president of the Continental Grain Company. In New York earlier this month the company announced that it had been granted export licences to ship the wheat to Russia at a cost, excluding shipping, of 90 million dollars (more than £32,000,000).

In Washington the Federal report denouncing tobacco as " a major health hazard " has been followed by a call for a government-backed campaign against smoking. Every packet of American cigarettes will have to bear a warning that habitual smoking is dangerous, if a Bill to be introduced by Oregon's Democratic Senator Neuberger becomes law. The report revealed that among men who smoke cigarettes the death rate from lung cancer is almost 1,000 per cent. higher than in non-smokers. The American statement has been welcomed by Britain's Ministry of Health as further confirmation of the facts about smoking and health, first made known by the Medical Research Council in 1957.

Above: As snow falls at London Airport, Mr Rauf Denktash, the leader of the Turkish-Cypriot delegation to the Cyprus talks at Marlborough House, waves to Turkish Cypriots in London who turned out to welcome him

Top: In Cairo, President Nasser of the UAR embraces President Sallal of the Yemen on the latter's arrival to attend the Pan Arab conference. Besides the Jordan waters, the meetings were expected to cover a wide range of Middle East problems

Relief brings smiles to the faces of Turkish Cypriots surrounding a British soldier of the Royal Army Service Corps handing out food supplies in the village of Ayia, near Nicosia. The village was one of those isolated for weeks when the civil strife broke out on the deeply divided island just before Christmas. With the arrival of British troops on Cyprus and talks between the two sides, some sort of order was restored and road blocks and barricades came down, at least temporarily

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

13-15 John Adam Street, London, WC2

88

"If"

Long since, the turkey and the haggis have been eaten, the port and athol brose drained, the last cock pheasants in the bag, and the Premier has been at work delivering a rousing round of public speeches, to rally the hesitant to the cause. The slogan is grand enough:—

"Nought shall make us rue if Britain to myself remain but true."

Only three misfortunes can prevent 1964 becoming a Year of undreamed of opportunity and prosperity, of living standards raised to new heights of affluence, of educational opportunities for everyone, of a splendid home for every family, of speed tracks for every type of motorist, a railway system to suit all tastes, and hospitals and health services which the world will envy. These three misfortunes are listed:

1. If enough people vote Socialist;

2. If enough people vote Liberal to let the Socialists in;

3. If enough people refrain from voting at all in the only sensible way.

I suppose it is "all right"—this triumphant confidence. It is of course "usual" every New Year. 1963 opened with similar expectations of a wonder-year, but something went wrong.

"Bake me a cake"

It was excusable in Mr Grimond to shake a warning finger and prophesy that Britain is heading for "the father and mother" of all inflations. It may still be wise to pin all our faith on Home and equities. Still, our balance of payments is not improved, our "guiding light" is not exactly warning us away from the crater edge, and, whatever the statistics tell us, our necessities cost us more and our money buys us less. In the next 12 months, I suppose, Time and Chance may upset golden promises of still greater prosperity. It is remarkable how instantly the supreme confidence of the Premier and the Chancellor stimulates the rush for higher pay and prior claims for shares in the bigger cake which is still to be mixed, let alone baked. Well, it's election year, and election years call for confidence in a big way. Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen—but the devil always lurks round the bend and Sir Alec snaps his fingers at him.

For whom the poll tolls

In all the last by-elections, rival policies, and candidates' personalities were never as important in the results as that almost inevitable reaction against a party long in power; a form of British fair play, perhaps. The major parties alike promise us streamlined socialism, modernised and efficient, with adequate safeguards for the anxious or doubtful. In the case of the Liberals no one can produce chapter and verse of what they offer to electors. One might think that the chief plank and attraction in their programme is votes for 18-year-olds. No doubt the young reach maturity earlier than they did, but it must be admitted that a fair proportion of teenagers today give little evidence of mental maturity. Liberalism, that grand old Elder Statesman, as it slogs on to achieve another Orpington, sometimes seems to have reached second childishness rather than a renewal of youth. True, it has no other means of revival than by fighting by-elections and general elections, but it might offer the adult voter something solid to chew on. Their trouble is that only the very old can recall their notable reforming legislation when they were in power, so as to be able to feel any confidence in their vague promises of today.

Younger son's portion

I never clearly understood the meaning of Inflation, least of all in the benefits it could confer on a modest portfolio of private investments shrewdly planned, until the other day I examined such a portfolio of a younger son's portion. His father left about £27,000 net which was divided up among his three children, each receiving about £9,000. He was a cautious investor all his life, and when he died in 1940 his investments were for the most part in Trustee Securities, some nationalised now (and not the richer for that), while a fair percentage were in the preferred stocks of sound investment trusts. From these last he had derived a gross income of about 5 per cent. or less. In only one instance had he "gambled." He had bought the deferred stock of one sound Investment Trust and our "younger son's portion" of that particular investment was just under £200 nominal of £1 deferred shares. That was in 1940. In 1963, those £200 (nominal) £1 shares had been split into 5s units and, as a result of frequent bonuses, represented some thousands of 5s units, with a nominal value of £2,800 and a far higher actual value. It worked out that if over the years before 1940 his father had invested that portion of his capital in *deferred* instead of *preferred* shares of sound Investment Trusts, the younger son's portion of those deferred shares holdings would today have increased by about ten times, and without any assistance from himself. The younger son had only to hold on, sit back and look pretty. Which helps me to under-

Above: A technician adjusts the controls of a Drum digger to be used in making the new Victoria line underground in London, which will stretch for 10½ miles from Victoria to Walthamstow. In making it, 16 shields similar to that illustrated will be used behind rotary cutters. Their task is to push tunnel linings into place. The machines will do this by means of hydraulic rams fitted to the edge of the shield

Far left: Skiers tackle the long hard climb to the ski slopes at Aviemore in the heart of the Cairngorms in Scotland

Left: By Regents Canal, work proceeds on the Northern Aviary of London Zoo, designed by Lord Snowdon and Cedric Price, with Mr Frank Newby acting as Consulting Engineer. The aviary consists of four tetrahedra suspended by wires. The structure of aluminium tubing is covered with aluminium wire mesh. The mesh dimensions have to be small enough to keep out starlings. The right size was found to be 1 inch by 6 inches

stand a little more about shrewd investing.

Luck of the draw

We have been authoritatively told that at present the odds against a £1 premium bond receiving a prize are merely 9,600 to one per month. A bond-holder who had held 100 bonds since the scheme began is pained that he has never won even a £25 prize, since the odds against it in his case are no more than 96 to one. Still, odds of " 100—1 against " are rarely " brought off " even on the turf wherein, I suppose, more substantial factors than pure chance enter. I recall with satisfaction that in my youth I ventured 10s on both Orby and Signorinetta for the Derby and got on at their longest prices in each case. Thereafter my luck totally atrophied. No, not quite. For a brief time I held premium bonds to a number which reduced the odds against a prize draw to considerably less than 96 to one and I *did* draw a £25 prize the very first month I qualified. In that period our faithful charwoman, holder of a £1 bond, collected £25 and £100 all within a year—at the odds of an Orby or a Signorinetta with knobs on. Much the same experience has come to our luckless 96 to one gambler. His gardener, during his own lean years, has netted two £25 and one £50 prizes at infinitely longer odds. Does Uncle Ernie, then, favour the poor and humble? No. He is the trusty servant of pure chance, a fickle, shortsighted jade. And anyone who twice in a lifetime has brought off even two 100—1 chances, should be grateful and treat the trollop with a respect she does not deserve.

They never ask me

I suppose I am not a " cross-section " type of the British public. Pollsters never ask me how I intend to vote. The BBC know instantly when I turn on my set and when I switch it off, and for what programmes. They can confidently add my name to the 9,000,272 listeners or viewers who switched on to this or that feature (and how they do it is as great a puzzle to my simple mind as was the apple's entry into the dumpling to George III's mind). Now there is to be a psychology survey for TV audiences, and, of course, I shan't be chosen among the first 3,000 patients to be grilled and examined by psychologists. " Counting heads " of listeners is miraculous enough to me. Finding out what goes on inside those heads is the new science to be developed. Whether it can be done by grilling 3,000 out of 10 million viewers, to discover why one feature succeeds and another fails, and to discover what shocks, what delights, what corrupts and what inspires 10 million men, women and children in a given feature, I don't profess to know. Mr Lew Grade of Associated Television thinks it can be done and that he can make the grade. And, be sure, he means to try without help from me. But I think he is wrong to spurn my help—I may be as simple as George III. But I could be lucid and outspoken about all sorts of programmes. *The Old Stager*

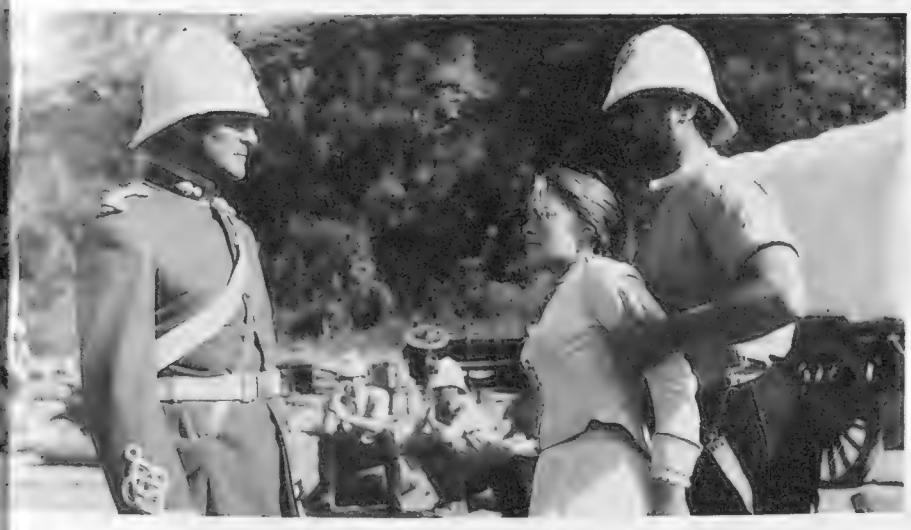
RORKE'S DRIFT AGAIN

90 Opening with a charity premiere at the Plaza in London on January 22, *Zulu* tells with few concessions to romance the story of the epic fight at Rorke's Drift, just 85 years ago, on January 22, 1879. Made in widescreen and technicolour, mainly on location in Africa, the film starts in the kraal of Cetewayo, King of the Zulus, with the news that his warriors have massacred a force of British at Isandhlwana. The warriors then march on to the mission station at Rorke's Drift. News of the impending onslaught of 4,000 Zulus is brought in advance to the small British garrison, numbering eight officers and 97 other ranks. Their problem of defending the station is complicated by the fact that there are 36 sick and wounded in the hospital. Rorke's Drift, at which eleven V.C.s were won, has long been a famous encounter in British military annals. The film, directed by Cy Endfield, and produced by him and Stanley Baker, does it stirring justice.

Right: The Rev. Otto Witt (Jack Hawkins) and his daughter Margareta (Ulla Jacobsson) are forced to beat a hurried retreat from Cetewayo's kraal

Below: Cetewayo (played by Chief Buthelezi), ruler of the Zulus, watches a marriage dance in his kraal

Above: Colour-Sergeant Bourne (Nigel Green) stands firm
Right: Lieutenant Bromhead (Michael Caine), foreground, firing from the roof of the sick quarters



Above: Lieutenant Chard (Stanley Baker), in charge at Rorke's Drift, admonishes Margareta Witt for trying to take the wounded away from the beleaguered mission station

Above: Private H. Hook (James Booth) fights off the Zulus attacking the sick quarters
Top: The Zulu warriors charge the south wall at Rorke's Drift in waves

The items in " The Voice of the Commonwealth " are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of " The Sphere "

THE VOICE OF THE COMMONWEALTH

92 **MALAYSIA**

Leading producer of tin

Like the prices of many primary commodities, the price of tin surged to a post-war peak recently. This improvement could not have happened at a more opportune time when every inducement must be given to the world tin industry to intensify the expansion of production in order to meet the increasing demand for this valuable metal.

Malaysia is the world's leading producer, supplying from 35 to 40 per cent. of the free world's total requirement. The tin industry is second only to rubber as a source of employment and prosperity to the people of Malaysia. Consequently, a small variation in the price of tin can have appreciable effects on the economic and social well-being of the whole nation. For this reason, any development of a surplus of tin and the liquidation of such surpluses contrary to the objectives of the International Tin Agreement will have an injurious effect on tin mining in Malaysia. The USA is the largest single consumer of Malaysian tin and possesses the largest stockpile surplus of this metal, now estimated at about three times the USA's annual consumption.

Tin is as important to underdeveloped as it is to fully industrialised countries. There are few industries in which tin or its compounds do not play a significant part. Anti-corrosive, non-toxic, malleable and without taste, it is extensively used in food canning, which represents about 50 per cent. of total tin consumed. The remaining 50 per cent. is shared partly by the traditional 'outlets like solders, bearings, engineering tools and machine parts, but an increasing proportion is used in newly discovered applications; for paints, chemicals, fungicides, cast iron and many other products.

There are various methods of mining tin, each one suited to the nature of the ground where it is to be worked. Common to them all is the use of water to remove and separate the tin ore from the earth in which it is embedded

Above right: The main artery of a hydraulicing mine in Malaya carries water at high pressure down from the distant hills. Hydraulicing is the method of washing tin-bearing ore from open mines, and pumping it into palongs

Right: A Malayan tin dredge floats on a lake it creates for itself by excavating tin-bearing alluvium. When the tin has been washed out, the waste water and mud is returned to the lake by way of the sluices at the rear of the dredge. There are about 84 of these dredges which work on the alluvial plains in the west of the Malayan peninsular. A modern dredge costs about £1½ million to £2 million and takes from three to five years, from drawing board to erection on site, to become fully operational. Dredges contribute nearly 50 per cent. of total production

Far right: A feeder palong into which the tin-bearing liquid is pumped. Palong is Malay for the long wooden box. The bottom of the palong is ridged to trap the heavy tin particles which sink as they are washed along their course. These units produce about 7 per cent. of Malaysian production. Financed and operated by Malaysian Nationals, the mines are very sensitive to price changes as most of them are situated in low-grade areas

NORTHERN RHODESIA

Pre-Independence Elections

On January 20 and 21, Northern Rhodesians will be electing the first Legislative Assembly under the new Constitution. Those elected are likely to supply the first all-African government responsible for internal self government, and they will probably be the ones to take Northern Rhodesia, renamed as Zambia, into independence. Mr Kenneth Kaunda, leader of the United National Independence Party (UNIP)—which is the party most likely to win the elections—has said that he would press the British Government for independence between July and September this year.

Friction between the two contending parties has been lending heat to pre-election manoeuvres. There is little feeling of confidence among members of the African National Congress party (ANC) in an electoral victory. UNIP has already returned unopposed 24 candidates for the 75 legislative seats. Mr Harry Nkumbula, the ANC leader, has sent telegrams to Sir Alec Douglas-Home calling unsuccessfully for a postponement of the elections. He alleged that returning officers have prevented the nomination of his party's candidates, that the Government and UNIP have been collaborating to sabotage ANC's electoral efforts. But unless the downpours of the rainy season flood all the polling booths, the elections will take place as planned.

The new Constitution for internal self-government was published as an Order in Council earlier this month. The old Legislative Council is replaced by the Legislative Assembly to be elected by universal suffrage, 65 members from African roll constituences, 10 from European roll constituences. All laws passed by it have to receive the consent of the Litunga of Barotseland, Sir Mwanawina Lewanika III, before they can apply to the British Protectorate. By the new constitution, the Executive Council, at present composed of mixed African and European members, some elected, some appointed, becomes a cabinet of 14 elected ministers. The Governor remains responsible as before for defence, external affairs, the police, and any other matters he may think fit after consulting the Prime Minister.

Party leaders in the general elections of Northern Rhodesia. Left, is Mr Kenneth Kaunda, leader of the United Independence Party; and, far left, Mr Harry Nkumbula, leader of the African National Congress party

Below: At the last general elections in November, 1962, voters in Barotseland cross the Zambesi River by ferry to reach their polling centre. This year, voting is to take place at the height of the rainy season

ONE MAN'S NAPLES

As it is seen by the camera of photographer John Blomfield, Naples, once the Neapolis of Greek settlers, is an old city, its talkative, gesticulating, cheerful people spilling into the streets for work and play.

To the tourists (right), perhaps on a day trip from Capri, Naples consists of the luxury shops of the Via Roma and the cafés and night clubs along the bay. But Naples is one of the biggest cities of Italy. At dusk (above), the tall campanile of Santa Maria del Carmine looms over blocks of modern flats. Many of the inhabitants live in tall, dilapidated tenement houses, facing each other within spitting distance across narrow alleys. From one side to the other is hung the washing of numerous families while, underneath, the children play and the mothers talk and gesticulate. For the two sisters (far right), home is a wooden shack and for the young boy, work is selling fish in the streets.

ONE MAN'S NAPLES *continued from page 95*

For Neapolitans, weddings and funerals are great occasions. The wedding (above) is taking place at Santa Maria di Piedigrotta, one of Naples' most popular churches. Beforehand the bride is nervous; afterwards she relaxes as the official photographer tries to get everyone in the wedding group. But perhaps the most ceremonial of occasions are the funerals. They are led by a massive, ornate black hearse in black wood (as above), with relatives and mourners following behind. To at least one undertaker's assistant, the hearse is a useful leaning post. Italians, particularly Neapolitans, are an expressive people, their faces and bodies showing every emotion from joy to grief. As in many cities of a fiercely independent character, words and gestures have grown into a dialect: in Naples, gestures play a dominant part in the Neopolitan dialect. This expressiveness starts early in life. For children playing in the streets, without toys, imitation games of their elders provide continual amusement. The little girls (far right) are pretending to be pregnant women.

ONE MAN'S NAPLES *continued from page 97*

Outside Naples is the parched brown and poverty-stricken landscape of Southern Italy. Across it stride the bright white electricity pylons, outward sign of the coming of modern amenities. Naples itself is a magnet for people from the poor rural areas, attracted by the jobs offered in a major industrial city. In the evenings, the workers sit at outdoor cafés, playing cards and talking. The ones above are dock workers and fishermen. But the city, which was badly bombed in the war, does not offer amenities to all. The boy (right) is washing in the only way that he knows, at an outside pump.

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

HOW BLACK IS STAFFORDSHIRE?

I think that it would be true to say that most people know Staffordshire only by reputation: that most people if they think of Staffordshire think of it as a great industrial area of dirt and smoke. Most people, if challenged to say what "Staffordshire" immediately summons to mind, would answer, 99 times out of 100, "china" or "sanitary ware"—that is, if they did not use a more homely term.

This is to do Staffordshire a great injustice. In the north-east of the county particularly there is some lovely country, wild and rugged, with rocky hills and deep, wooded valleys; some of the finest scenery in all England. But, for some inexplicable reason, this lovely country is always thought of (except by the natives) as belonging to one of the neighbouring counties. Derbyshire gets the credit for the Dove and the Manifold, even for The Roaches and Hen Cloud. For the non-native, Staffordshire is The Potteries and the Black Country: and, as often as not, the Black Country is taken to include Birmingham, for who can separate Birmingham and West Bromwich, who can tell where Birmingham begins or ends?

Up to a point this is true also of Staffordshire folk. I have often noticed that they are Staffordshire and proud of it (sometimes almost aggressively so) when they are outside the county, when they are holidaying at Torquay or Blackpool. Mention the Black Country or The Potteries then, and you will find that they are immensely proud of both —you are likely, indeed, to find yourself subjected to a barrage of statistics—but also very anxious to impress upon you that there is much more to Staffordshire than mere industry; that they are apt to wax lyrical about the beauties of the Manifold or the Churnet, of Cannock Chase or the Weaver Hills. But at home they are much more parochial. At home there seems to be no pride of county. At home, it is not even a matter of the Black Country or The Potteries: it is a matter of the individual town. Fiercely patriotic about the Black Country, as a Black Country man will be when in "foreign parts," it is, when you are actually in the area, astonishingly difficult to find a Black Country man. Ask a West Bromwich man if West Bromwich is in the Black Country and he will tell you, "No": that the Black Country begins somewhere else, at Smethwick or Walsall or wherever. And so it is with the Smethwick man or the Walsall man, the Wednesbury man or the Wolverhampton man. Always the Black Country begins somewhere else. They may be in the Black Country, but they are not of it. Their town—and in the whole Black Country you cannot tell where one town begins and the other ends (at least, I cannot)—is a separate entity.

It is difficult for a stranger to understand how this intense local patriotism can have survived in the midst of a conurbation, vast and featureless except for the cooling towers of the power stations. In the Black Country the cooling tower has displaced the steeple as the focal point of a community. Sometimes, indeed, it appears to be related not so much to the town as to the local football club. Only in Wolverhampton is it possible for the stranger to understand a little. But then, I have only passed through Walsall and Wednesbury and Willenhall: I have been to Wolverhampton a good many times. I would not go as far as to say that I am "chuffy" (which is the Staffordshire for "familiar"), truly chuffy with Wolverhampton. I could not, indeed, say where Wolverhampton ends and, going eastwards, the next town begins. But I can find my way about the middle of Wolverhampton well enough and I do know where, on the west, the town begins.

Wolverhampton has an atmosphere all its own. This is not because it is, by far, the most ancient of these Black Country towns—its history goes back to Saxon times, though there is, in fact, no ancient history beyond the usual salacious stories attached to ancient monasteries everywhere—but because it abuts upon rich countryside, the rich red soil that stretches away into Shropshire, and because the country is always coming into the town. This is one of the great industrial towns of Britain. I have been assured by a Wolverhampton man that there are more industries in Wolverhampton than in any other town of comparable size in Britain: allow a little for local patriotism, and I daresay that that is not far from the truth. But you are quite likely to see a cow in the streets. There is nothing like a cow, and her signature, for bringing a bit of atmosphere to the thronged streets of an industrial town. In Wolverhampton you feel that you are on a frontier; and, of course, you are. And yet, Wolverhampton, on the edge of the Black Country, with rich countryside pressing in upon it, invading it, is very definitely the capital of the Black Country, and it has much of the atmosphere of a capital, as well as of a frontier, town.

In the main, it is a heavy-industry town: but I do not think anyone could call it a dirty town. Of course, there is grime. The 19th-century municipal grandeur (and there are some very fine buildings of that era and a quite exceptional modern Civic Hall) is blackened. But the smoke does not hang about and the streets, by Black Country standards, are clean. The shops are of a standard far above that usually associated with an English provincial town, and there are at least two restaurants where they understand what good food is. Indeed, Wolverhampton is the only town in all Britain where I have been able to obtain cabbage properly cooked, which is in boiling water for two minutes and no more after being finely cut. I am astonished that Wolverhampton is not more widely appreciated.

But the fact is that local patriotism is at work even within Wolverhampton. I have noticed that the well-to-do are at pains to tell you that they live in Tettenhall, not in Wolverhampton. But maybe this is just a snobbism. Have you ever noticed that no one ever lives in Brighton, always in Hove?

At St. Peters, Wolverhampton, was married one of the signatories of the American Declaration of Independence

SPECIAL-INTEREST HOLIDAYS

BY SYLVIE NICKELS

A few weeks ago I sat watching a group of young people successively Scottish reeling, twisting and waltzing. It was a familiar enough scene for New Year's Eve, but the difference was that this particular group had spent several hours earlier that day battling with rain, wind, snow and sleet on a stiff mountain scramble in Snowdonia. The place was the CCPR (Central Council of Physical Recreation) National Recreation Centre of Plas y Brenin near Capel Curig, and the occasion was one of their courses in mountaineering activities.

General training programmes like this, and more specialised courses on any of its aspects (rock climbing, field studies, mountain craft, surveying, canoeing, ski-ing in winter, etc.) are run throughout the year, many of them open to anyone of any age who wants to learn how to enjoy mountains and use them safely. Their cost is extraordinarily low at £9-£12 a week, covering full board (simple accommodation), use of equipment and an intensive course by highly expert instructors, including mountaineers who have conquered some of the most exacting giants of the Himalayas.

The CCPR (6 Bedford Square, London, W.C.1), largely financed by the Ministry of Education, has two other centres in England and will be running the London County Council's grand-scale new multi-sports complex at the Crystal Palace, due to open at Whitsun. Their many other activities include training of all kinds arranged through the Council's 11 regional offices, with all-in arrangements ranging from archery to shark fishing. A similar organisation exists in Scotland, the Scottish Council of Physical Recreation, 4 Queensferry Street, Edinburgh, 2.

Special-interest holidays, active or academic, increase in number and scope every year. For those with a botanical bent, Fairways and Swinford (18 St. George Street, Hanover Square, London, W.1) are again offering an excellent series of flower-study tours, each accompanied by a well-known expert. The first is of the Middle East, from March 26 to April 10 (229 gns); the second to Greece, from April 18 to May 2 (171 gns), and the third to the Alps of the Swiss Valais, from June 25 to July 9 (68 gns). Catering especially for gardeners is the 16th annual spring tour of Holland and the Bulb Fields (10 days, 44 gns), arranged by the National Gardens Guild, 38 Harrowes Meade, Edgware, Middlesex, and leaving London on April 27. At home, Galleon Tours (Eccleston Court, Gillingham Street, London, S.W.1) are repeating their 7-day coach tour of the Gardens of England and Wales (£32) through some of the loveliest parts of Britain, with four departures accompanied by an acknowledged gardening authority.

Galleon Holidays have also long been known for their many pony-trekking and riding centres in Britain, and sketching centres both at home and abroad. Riding holidays, too, are offered in Southern Spain, Norway, Switzerland and Iceland by World Sport and Travel Service (198/9 Sloane Street, London, S.W.1), in addition to sailing in Norway and Switzerland, fishing in Norway, and an underwater swimming holiday in co-operation with the Anglo-Spanish Sub Aqua Club at San Felieu (two weeks from £56, including air travel).

Rambling in Europe

Walking and mountaineering all over Europe are the speciality of the aptly named Ramblers' Association (124 Finchley Road, London, N.W.3), whose tours are divided into seven grades to cater for different levels of energy and experience, though all are intended for serious walkers. Rambling areas range from Swedish Lapland and Iceland to the High Tatras of Czechoslovakia. Two-week tours range in price from about £25 in Germany, using hostels (rail travel both ways) to about £60 in Norway, using hotels (air travel both ways).

Expert arrangers of independent golfing holidays are long-established agents G. F. Fox and Co. (48 Arwenack Street, Falmouth), whose top six suggestions for 1963 were Divonne Les Bains, Biarritz, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Estoril and Barcelona. On the subject of golfing, BEA's new *Golf in the Sun* guide is well worth noting. Costing 3s 6d its 96 pages give full details (including green fees) of 101 golf courses in Europe, Israel and North Africa.

A new centre for art tuition discovered by Erna Low Travel Service (47 Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7) is Ronda, a really delightful small mountain township, about an hour by a precipitously beautiful road from San Pedro de Alcantara and Marbella on the Costa del Sol. Cost for two weeks, including art tuition, is from 66 gns. Erna Low's many other suggestions include language courses, wine-tasting holidays, and a music lovers' party to the Aix-en-Provence Music Festival in July. Harold Ingham Tours (15 St. John's Road, Harrow, Middlesex) have a particularly fine range of language courses in French, German, Italian, Spanish and Russian, each held in its appropriate country, while their all-in arrangements to music festivals cover leading events in 11 different areas of Europe. The same company's art and architecture tours, each incorporating a programme of lectures, range from Sweden to the Middle East.

Exceedingly active in many specialist fields are Academy Travel (26 Bloomsbury Way, London, W.C.1). Three tours selected from their many original suggestions are a 15-day ornithologists' tour by air, with seven days on the Danube Delta (accommodation in special houseboats); a pottery course in Karlovy Vary, Czechoslovakia, departing July 18 (15 days from £56, with surface travel); and participation in an Art and Music Festival at Jyväskylä in the forested heart of Finland; this includes a four-day course in English by leading Finnish designers and architects, departing July 4 (13 days by air and boat, from £99 10s).

Railway fiends should note a rail-spotters' tour of Switzerland and Germany (May 15 to 25), arranged by Ian Allan Ltd. (Station Approach, Shepperton-on-Thames), which features a visit to the Swiss National Exhibition in Lausanne, as well as to various railway installations. Ramblers' Association also have a Swiss railways tour lasting 16 days with departures on June 13 and August 29. The less mechanically minded can join a convoy of horse-drawn caravans through the Irish countryside, organised by Matt Murphy Holiday Enterprises (Ballymaquirk, Banteer, Co. Cork, Ireland).

Two organisations offering low-cost holidays on a tremendously wide range of activities are CHA, Birch Heys, Cromwell Range, Manchester 14, and Holiday Fellowship, 142 Great North Way, Hendon, N.W.4. Possibilities vary from field studies to ballroom dancing, mostly at centres in the UK. For young people, the choice of youth hostelling arrangements all over Europe, many of them combined with sporting activities, is wider than ever through the YHA, 29 John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.

Finally there are the associations whose programmes cater for their own specialist sphere. The Field Studies Council (Ravensmead, Keston, Kent) organise courses on subjects ranging from botany to zoology at their seven centres in England and Wales. Mountaineering courses of various grades at home and abroad are arranged by the Mountaineering Association (102a Westbourne Grove, London, W.2). For cyclists, the Cyclists' Touring Club (3 Craven Hill, London, W.2) offer arrangements in regions as far flung as Iceland and Corsica. And these organisations are but a few of many.

Above: Pony trekking in the Trossachs, Scotland, with Loch Achray in the background
Top left: Golfing at the Mena House Golf Club beneath the Pyramids outside Cairo
Top: Underwater swimming with the Anglo-Spanish Sub Aqua Club at San Felieu, Spain
Left: Rock climbing in Snowdonia above the Llanberis Pass. These students are on a climbing course at the CCPR centre at Plas y Brenin

ESCAPING FROM WINTER

102 **Alexandre Benois—Memoirs** Volume II: Chatto and Windus. 30s. Translated by Baroness Moura Budberg. It is sad to think that with the present book which takes the reader up to 1909 only, this enchanting autobiography should have come to an end, for the author-artist died in Paris three years ago and had only brought his reminiscences up to the time of the launching of the Ballets Russes in Paris, the project with which he was so closely linked as designer. In her introduction Madame Tamara Karsavina writes: "Of the eccentricities allowed to (sometimes expected of) a genius, Benois had none. Instead —sanity, sense of measure and simple virtues; that of affection for his family and friends paramount." And it is that affection which most effectively colours the whole of this book, whether Benois is writing of his long and happy marriage or of the poets, critics and philosophers who formed their circle in St. Petersburg days or of Fokine, Bakst and Diaghileff with whom he was in constant touch. I found this second volume as great a delight as its predecessor.

My Brother Jack by George Johnston: Collins. 21s, is, we are told, largely autobiographical. It is also a very fine and deeply felt Australian novel written by a man who may live on a Greek island nowadays but who understands, appreciates and occasionally deplores his own country with all the insight that familiarity and an artist's eye can give. The book is a study of two brothers (the narrator is the younger of them) between whom there is a close bond of love but who are radically different in character as in inclinations. Their boyhood in a Melbourne suburb just after the First World War with their parents (he a sapper and she an army nurse) is described evidently by the clearest light of memory and, to me, this is one of the most touching as well as the most effective parts of the novel. I recommend it to you with some enthusiasm as a work which may with time become one of the truly representative Australian novels.

Nightingale's Song by Denise Robins: Hodder and Stoughton. 15s. Did you know that the romantic novelists had an association and that Miss Robins was once its president? I confess it was news to me but I do like the idea of these ladies getting together in such an organisation. Miss Robins' new novel—her 144th—is concerned with a girl whose drab life and appearance are transformed overnight by a long-lost father who invites her to join him in Monte Carlo where she becomes heiress to his millions, and the prey of fortune-hunting Frenchmen. It's romantic all right. One sees clearly how Miss Robins got to be president.

Shadow of a Sun by A. S. Byatt: Chatto and Windus. 21s, introduces a new novelist and one whose career I look forward to following. Mrs Byatt writes sensitively and lucidly about her very human characters and has that gift, which fortune alone and no amount of application will produce, of keeping the reader's close interest from page to page. That would appear such a simple and such an essential quality in a writer but, if one stops to reflect, it is by no means general. Here, however, is one author who creates such people as one might easily have in one's own acquaintance, who brings them to warm, inconsequent, not necessarily dramatic life and who compels the reader during some hours to be totally preoccupied with their ways of dealing with their own existences. I liked her novel, with its neat sense of construction, its Cambridge-and-country background and its mildly intellectual overtones, very much indeed.

The Sparrow by Mary Hocking: Chatto and Windus. 18s, is a serious and well constructed novel on a definite theme: the precept that charity—or at least dedication to a cause—should begin at home. Ralph Kimberley is a vicar in West London, a man of honour, married and with an orphaned child in his household. He is also a keen crusader and indeed a leader in the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament and this work takes precedence for him over all his other duties, whether in his parish or his home. Miss Hocking has given us a study of a man's slow and, in a way, agonised realisation that he is not, after all, putting first things first and that his whole plan of life must be radically changed. There is a fine sincerity as well as simplicity in this author's manner of writing and no doubt at all that this is her best novel so far.

Say Not Goodnight by Olga Hesky: Constable. 21s, deals with a group of people on an anonymous island, all waiting for the same ship to come and take them away, and all whiling away the days of interval in the dozen different ways that their natures and temperaments dictate. Mrs Hesky writes vividly and has an ear acutely tuned for dialogue. Of all the characters she has drawn here, the most successfully delineated is the middle-European professor, effervescent in his fractured English and unexpectedly philosophical. I liked this semi-fantasy, semi-comedy and its felicitous asides and found considerable originality in it.

Barbouze by Alan Williams: Blond. 18s, takes us to another strange world but one that is—or was —all too real. Mr Williams has written about French North Africa at the height of the recent struggle there. Barbouze, literally *Barbe fausse*, was the name given to the almost legendary trigger-men of the French Secret Service and it is with some of these types that the novel as well as its central character is concerned. Exciting and, I should say, with much authentic detail.

The Volcanoes of San Domingo by Adam Hall: Collins. 16s, is primarily an adventure story and a good one. Mr Hall's plot deals with the fate of a number of survivors from a crashed airliner who, after two years of silence, are rumoured to be alive in a tropical port by a shark-infested sea. It is a strange story, far from banal even in its telling and quite exciting enough to make it "chair-edge" reading.

A Doll for the Toff by John Creasey: Hodder and Stoughton. 15s, will be a self-explanatory title to all Mr C's fans. To those who need a little briefing, I would say that the redoubtable Toff is a kind of amateur detective and righter of wrongs who has so far appeared in 45 of this author's books. The present adventure is well up to standard and ingeniously devised. **Vernon Fane**

NEW LIGHT ON ANCIENT HISTORY

Camonica Valley by Emmanuel Anati: Jonathan Cape. 45s.
The Hungry Archaeologist in France by Glyn Daniel: Faber and Faber. 30s.
The Handbook of British Mammals, edited by H. N. Southern: Blackwell Scientific Publications. 37s 6d.
Beautiful Butterflies by J. Moucha: Spring Books. 12s 6d.
Immortals of Science series. *Edward Jenner* by Irmengarde Eberle. *Robert Koch* by David C. Knight. *Leonardo da Vinci* by Henry S. Gillette. Each published at 12s 6d, by Chatto and Windus.

Within less than a century the discovery of Palaeolithic art at Altamira, at Trois Feres and at Lascaux has given history a new dimension. A widening knowledge of the Etruscan period has given a clearer idea of the origins of Roman history, and the discovery of Mycenean civilisation has stretched the limits of our information on Greece back a few hundred years. Now a third area of knowledge is opening up to us, and for this we are indebted to a young Israeli scholar, Emmanuel Anati, who since 1955 has made a systematic study of the Camonica rocks, 15,000 carvings chiselled into an Alpine mountainside to the north of Brescia and affording wonderful pictures of daily life during the Bronze and Iron ages. Professor Anati's book *Camonica Valley* indeed bridges one of the greatest of all gaps, summing up in a single site all the steps taken by man from a savage cultural level dependent mainly on hunting to the threshold of urban civilisation and literacy. These rocks of Camonica, often graven with such gusto, portray almost 2,000 years of development, and the exciting thought is that Emmanuel Anati and his co-workers are only at the beginning of their analysis of an Alpine people whose lives were enriched by the fact that they lived on the Great Amber route which travellers followed from Mycenean Greece to the Baltic shores.

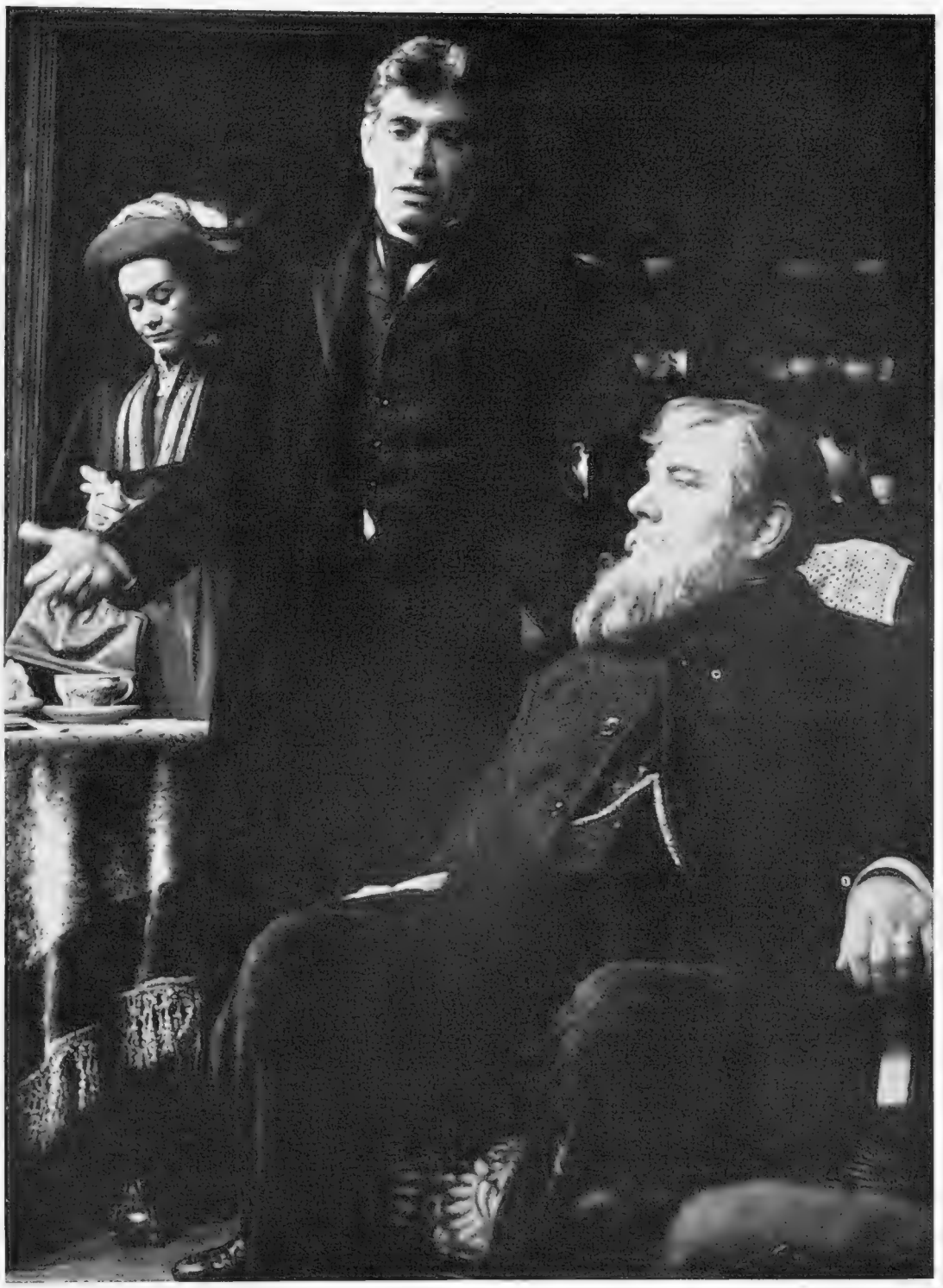
Glyn Daniel, mindful that a traveller with an archaeological bent is as hungry and as thirsty as the next man, has contrived to write a guide that dashingly attempts to unite gastronomy with archaeology. *The Hungry Archaeologist in France* may well cause eyebrow raising in academic circles, but for the traveller in search of reliable information about caves, sites, museums, hotels and restaurants, whether he be engaged on a megalithic tour of Brittany or a Palaeolithic tour of the Dordogne, here is sustenance in plenty.

Here are two books for the nature lover. *The Handbook of British Mammals* has been edited by H. N. Southern for the Mammal Society of the British Isles. This new and comprehensive reference work is designed to bring both zoologists and naturalists up-to-date. A special feature is the series of line drawings by Robert Gillmor. The colour plates by F. Prochazka are the chief feature of *Beautiful Butterflies.* Eighty butterflies of 71 species are shown in this enchanting volume. The text is by J. Moucha.

Burton by Byron Farwell: Longmans. 42s. After a life of remarkable adventures, remarkable even for a Victorian explorer, Sir Richard Burton ended up as British Consul in Trieste. There, despite various illnesses which crippled even his constitution, he went on pouring out books—among them his pet project, a translation of *The Arabian Nights*, a collection of tales known in Arabic as Alf Laylah Wa Laylah, and in Burton's version a work of ten volumes with a six volume supplement. Probably no one was more surprised than Burton when the work was a huge success, making more money than all his other voluminous writings put together. It is for this translation that Burton is remembered today—and as Byron Farwell, his American biographer points out, part of the charm of the work lies in its footnotes where Burton parades a fantastic accumulation of odd facts, erudition, prejudices and theories.

But Burton was not just a translator from the Arabic. Very far from it. Born in 1821, he was an unruly child mostly educated abroad—from his father he inherited a passion for always moving on. He and Oxford University then fought a brief knock-down fight and Burton went off to join the Bombay Native Infantry. In Sind, he began his study of Oriental languages. In 1853, he made his famous pilgrimage in disguise to Mecca and Medina. An interlude at the Crimean War was followed by the journeys into Africa, with Speke, during which Lake Tanganyika was discovered. Then on another expedition he allowed Speke to discover Victoria Nyanza and lost for all time the chance to become the discoverer of the Nile source. Journeys all over the world followed. He paused to marry a girl who had worshipped him from the moment she saw him and who spent much of her life trying to convert him to Catholicism. A fearless explorer, swordsman and quarreller, Burton sought success but only found it late. In this impressive, solid and beautifully organised account, likely to remain the standard biography, Mr Farwell ponders what made this extraordinary man tick. No one answer seems sufficient—he remains a jumble of conflicting ambitions and exploits. His story reads like the best of *Boy's Own* adventures, combined with a succession of learned papers. **Jolyon Wimhurst**

Three new titles are added to the *Immortals of Science* series which has the merit of being well and simply written, without being too simple and it is designed for the 10 to 15 year-olds. Henry S. Gillette has written the brief biography of Leonardo da Vinci, emphasising how the freshness and inventiveness of his mind helped him to succeed in the scientific realms as it did in every venture this extraordinary man ever tried. In *Robert Koch, Father of Bacteriology*, David C. Knight brings to his aid a well arranged glossary when presenting the achievements of this great scientist who astounded the medical world in the 1880's by isolating the tubercle bacilli. Irmengarde Eberle writes the biography of Edward Jenner, the remarkable story of the physician who learnt to live and work in an atmosphere of hostility and ill-will before his mission was finally accomplished and smallpox vaccination was largely accepted by his profession if not by people. These volumes maintain the standard of this series. **Richard Edmonds**



HOBSON'S CHOICE

A DELIGHTFUL moment in Harold Brighouse's classic North Country comedy comes when the worm turns, (in the scene above). Pushed on by his wife, Maggie (Joan Plowright), Willie (Frank Finlay) rounds on his tempestuous, drunken father-in-law, Henry Hobson (Michael Redgrave). *Hobson's Choice* was written by Harold Brighouse, one of the Manchester Realists school of dramatists, under the shadow of the First World War. He turned his mind back for his subject to Salford in the 1880's. This play gained a huge success in America, and a smaller success in London. In the new production by William Dexter, at the National Theatre, it at last finds its right place as a classic of British comedy. This is the sort of revival which the National Theatre should undertake and which it has brought off with scrupulous care. The plot revolves round that favourite figure, the hard-drinking, overbearing father. He is brought low by the stratagems of his daughter, Maggie. Very funny and possessing depths of understanding of a way of life, *Hobson's Choice* contains two splendid performances, by Joan Plowright and Frank Finlay.

LORDS OF THE STATE INDUSTRIES

by The Sphere Industrial Correspondent

Lord Robens

When Marshal of the Royal Air Force Lord Douglas of Kirtleside retires from the chairmanship of British European Airways this spring he will have held office longer than almost any other member of a nationalised board and far longer than any other chairman of a major State industry. He was appointed in 1949, by the first Labour government, then in the full flush of early enthusiasm for nationalisation. He has long outlived both that government and that attitude; he has continued under governments ideologically opposed to nationalisation of any kind (though perhaps a shade better disposed to air corporations that show the flag abroad than to most other State industries); and in one nationalised industry that has a very limited degree of monopoly, with active competition at home and abroad, he has run his corporation with success.

This has not been attained through subservience towards any government, whatever its political flavour. During last month's debate upon the financial circumstances of British Overseas Airways Corporation, when the Ministry of Aviation was accused of hampering the efficiency of the State airlines by forcing them to use British aircraft that sometimes proved unsuitable, Mr Julian Amery chose BEA's boss as an example to show this didn't always happen. He said, " We wanted to see the Rotodyne brought into service by BEA, but we could not get Lord Douglas to play; and he was quite right."

Lord Douglas is a large hefty man who it is not particularly easy to imagine anyone persuading to do something that he does not choose to. Under his leadership, British European Airways had up to 1960 a pretty steady record of " surplus " after meeting interest charges. In 1961-62, a bad year for most airlines, its profits failed to cover its interest liabilities by £1·5 million, and in 1962-63 it again showed a small loss of £265,301; but this year it seems likely to be clearly back in the black again, and in its history there is nothing to compare with the prolonged and massive losses incurred by BOAC.

Students of those remarkable behemoths, the British nationalised industries, are sometimes inclined to compare the two lords who happen to be at the top of two of them. Lord Douglas and Lord Robens have one thing in common, bulk; both are big heavy men (along with Dr Beeching, they suggest that weight and stamina may be enviable assets in managerial positions that are open to a steady drumfire of public criticism and discussion that few bosses of private industry have to endure). Intellectually, they have more; both, politically, come from the Left.

When post-war Labour ministers were seeking bosses for nationalised industries in an atmosphere generally more hostile to these industries than it is nowadays, they naturally looked to one source of large-scale management from which top-rank executives were becoming available—the military services. High-ranking officers willing to take on these new and vulnerable posts under Labour were not as frequent in the British armed services as all that; one of the outstanding examples was Sir Sholto Douglas, whose sympathies were as radical as his ability was outstanding.

A dozen years later, Arthur Robens was a surprise appointment to the National Coal Board from the Labour front bench, picked by his political opponent Harold Macmillan. A genial, shrewd politician whose business experience had been in the Co-operative movement, but who had later given big business some useful consultation on labour relations, Robens was something of an unknown quantity for the top job in one of the country's largest industrial enterprises, and one at the time in financial and moral decline. Some executives inside the industry were extremely doubtful about the contribution any politician could make and a bit resentful of any outside appointment at such a

Lord Douglas of Kirtleside

critical time. And though the miners knew Alf Robens well—he had been a Labour Minister of Fuel and Power and later the Opposition's chief spokesman on the fuel industries—he had never been one of their own charmed circle of " mining MPs" and he followed an actual ex-miner, Sir James Bowman.

Within a year or so, however, it was being admitted in the industry that the appointment had been a brilliant one. Lord Robens brought to coal a complete lack of preconceived ideas, a keen and searching interest in change and, perhaps most telling of all, an abundance of cheerful energy. As he would admit himself, he was reaping the benefits of the painful short-term rationalisation set in train by Sir James Bowman, once the market for coal began to soften; and benefits of long-term reorganisation of the mines, moreover, that dated back even longer. But he managed to seize these opportunities and the imagination of both miners and public, transforming the public image of the coal industry from something drab and dispirited to that of an industry fighting back in competitive markets.

These two lords of state industry are not particularly alike in temperament, but both get results. Lord Douglas is an extremely forceful man in argument, getting his way without perhaps as winning a geniality as Lord Robens has with allies and opponents alike; he would probably never have done as well in the House of Commons. Yet he has an outstanding record of picking able executives, and of gaining complete and lasting loyalty from them. If they take bold decisions, they can be sure of solid backing, if necessary right up to Cabinet level. The air corporations may not be as much in the sphere of party politics as coal is, but they operate in an intensely political atmosphere so far as pressure groups are concerned; dealing with any industry as dependent upon Government favours and their own as aircraft manufacture, they cannot avoid heavy technical lobbying.

It would not be fair to leave Mr Amery's tribute to Lord Douglas's successful resistance to accepting the Rotodyne as typical of BEA's relations with British manufacturers. As the airline has often acknowledged, its long partnership with the Vickers Viscount was one of the strongest elements in its commercial success during the '50's; few more successful short-range aircraft have ever been built. It was partly reliance on this excellent aeroplane that enabled BEA to do what is relatively unusual in the airline business—make profits out of a network of mainly short-range routes. Many airlines make their money out of long-range routes, and take care of short-range operations out of this; BEA makes high enough profits on its short international routes to carry a number of unprofitable shorter routes at home. The English Channel is a considerable advantage to any short-range airline headquartered in London, and European air fares are relatively high; nevertheless, many other airlines have been as successful with operations across Europe.

Lord Douglas will be departing from BEA at the end of March. Lord Robens has still two years of his five-year appointment to run, but there has been much speculation about his return to active politics, particularly if a Labour Government returns, needing all the experience it can command both in the Lords and of top industrial management. Whether he will in fact abandon industry—this one or another—is still doubtful. But even if Lord Robens were fairly soon leaving state industry too, both of these lords have made a lasting mark on their industries through the impact of their personalities. Though both are men of radical temper, believers in the State ownership of such industries, not the least contribution that both have made is to taking party politics out of the conduct and the public image of these British industries.

VERSATILE "CENTAUR"

The combination of two apparent incompatibles —the carriage of 200 passengers with over 5,000 animals—is the achievement of the designers of *Centaur*. And beyond this, the ship can carry refrigerated, liquid and general cargo, and can be beached for a day on every three-week voyage. This is what the owners, Alfred Holt and Co., have accomplished in design, and which John Brown and Co. (Clydebank) Ltd. have completed in the building of this complex and versatile vessel. *Centaur* sails from Liverpool on her maiden voyage on January 20, 1964, to take up service between Fremantle and Singapore.

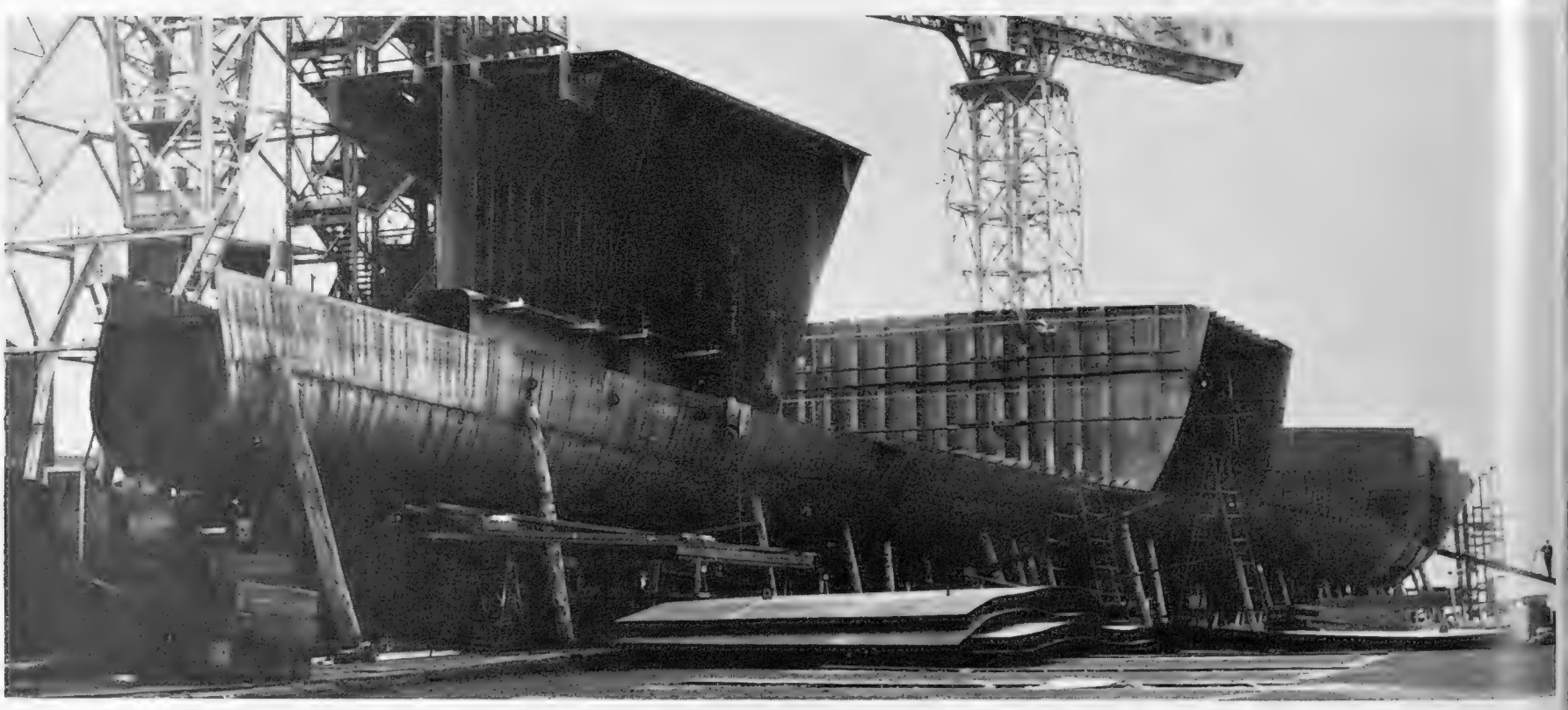
The lines of the fast motor ship with a service speed of 20 knots are extremely fine, resembling those of a yacht. A bulbous underwater bow has been adopted because of the high speed of the ship, while the whole bottom structure has been specially strengthened internally to withstand the exceptional stress incurred when the ship goes aground for loading cattle at Derby and Broome on the NW coast of Australia. Up to 4,500 sheep are carried on the northward leg of the voyage, double-tiered in steel pens, while 700 cattle are carried on the southward leg in single tiers. The aluminium platforms of the upper tier can be quickly stowed under the beams of the deck above. The construction and layout of the pens have been designed to give quick loading and discharge of the cattle and sheep through the doors in the ship's sides.

Forty dairy cows will be regularly carried from Australia to Malaya. These high quality animals will be tended with particular care by the Asian deck crew and milked twice daily on the voyage. The milk will be used for domestic purposes, a churn being installed in the galley larder for making butter. Both officers and crew will become accomplished animal husbandmen and will be able to use the services of a well equipped dispensary for sick animals.

The ventilation of the livestock spaces posed a problem of some magnitude in view of the large number of animals to be carried. An exhaust system gives 30 changes of air per hour, the vitiated air being discharged from the top of the two masts and the funnel. Extensive wind tunnel tests were carried out to ensure that this live-stock ventilation would be carried clear of the accommodation decks under any wind condition.

The design of the passenger spaces was governed by the fact that the ship would be on a relatively short voyage in a continuously tropical or warm climate. The public rooms and open decks will provide a holiday cruise approach. A pleasant entertainment area is given by the main lounge with its long bar and swimming pool. Other facilities include a sheltered games deck, library, music room and children's room.

The space available for refrigerated cargo is 48,000 cu. ft., a system of carriage in bins giving speedy loading and *(Continued on page 108)*



Above: The main bulkheads of the 8,000 ton motor vessel *Centaur* seen in position at the Clydebank yards of John Brown and Co. (Clydebank) Ltd. *Centaur* has an overall length of 480 ft. and a breadth of 66 ft. The order for the vessel was placed with John Brown's towards the end of 1961

Top right: The first panels of the bottom shell are laid

Right: The prefabricated bulbous bow section is swung into place. The ship is fitted with Denny-Brown Stabilisers

Above: After her launch in June last year *Centaur* is moved into the fitting-out basin

Left: When the last plate had been welded into position and the hull painted, *Centaur* was made ready for the launch. Launch poppets seen on the ship's Port side move with it into the water and help to carry some of the weight

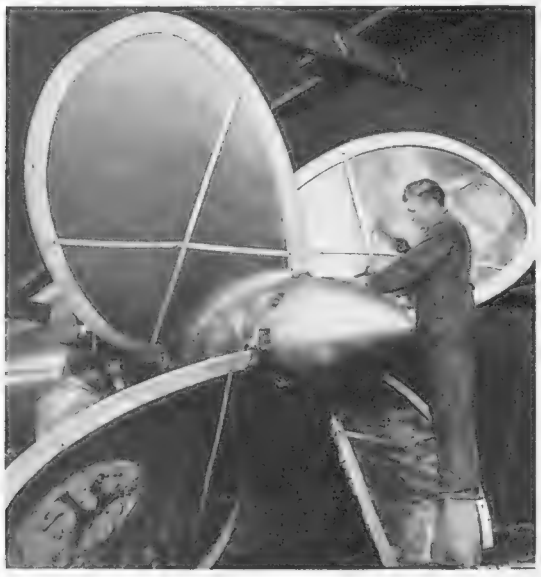
Top: The M.V. *Centaur* during trials. She has a white hull with a blue band

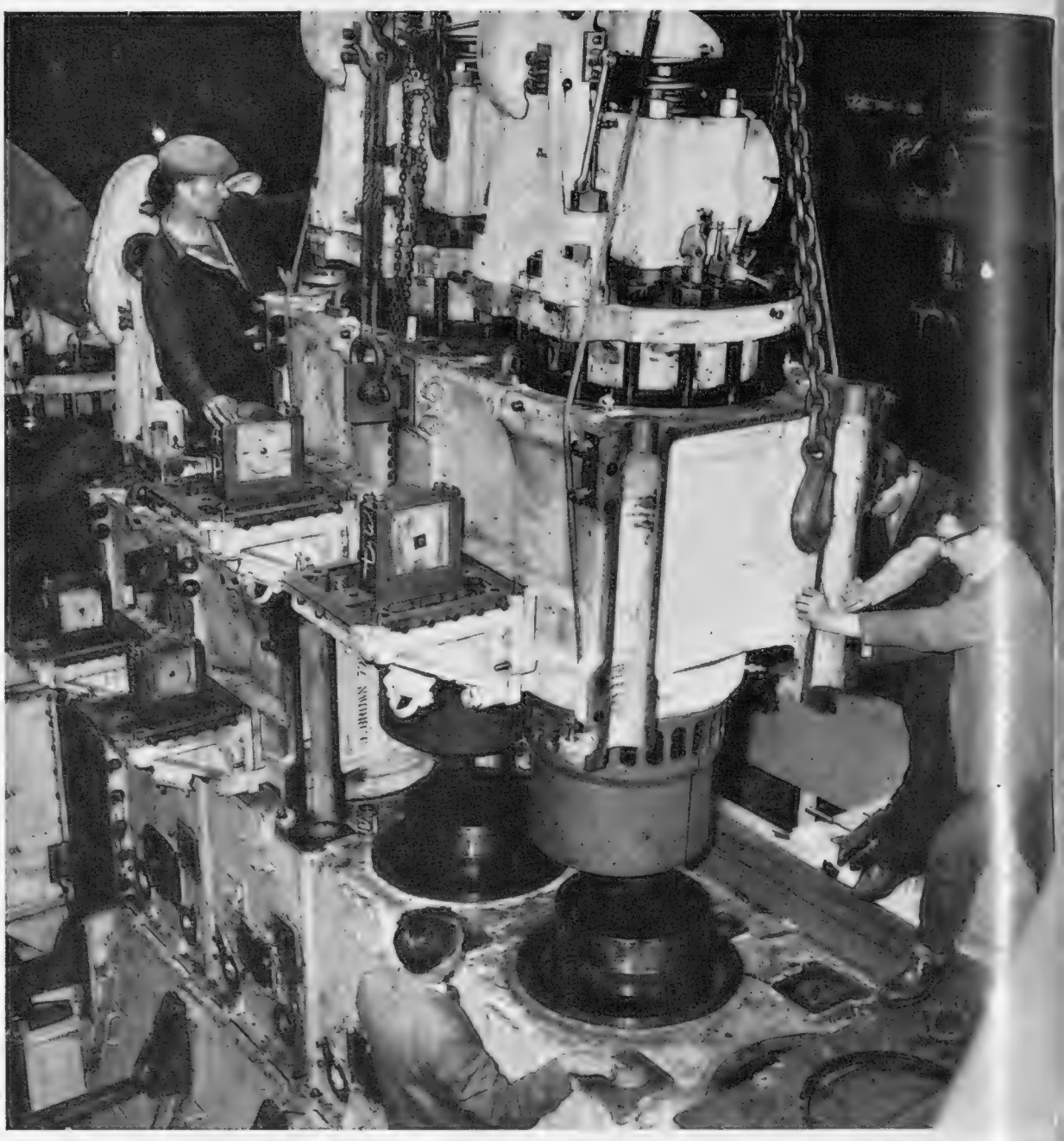
VERSATILE "CENTAUR" *continued from page 106*

discharging times, particularly desirable in tropical climates. Also 8,000 cu. ft. of liquid and 85,000 cu. ft. of general cargo space are available.

The main engines installed in *Centaur* were built by Burmeister and Wain and will develop 16,500 brake horsepower in service. A limited degree of centralised control is achieved by a control room being arranged in the port forward corner of the engine room at lower deck level. The main engines can be operated from this control room. Instruments in the control console indicate the principal pressure, temperature and flow conditions of the main engines.

With her unusual profile and modern funnel, *Centaur* represents a drastic departure from the Alfred Holt tradition of upright silhouettes. As a final touch of the unconventional, she is to sail to SE Asian ports for the first few months of her life as a trade exhibition ship of the Australian Chambers of Commerce. Her livestock fittings will be stripped out and display stands fitted in their place; her lounge and public rooms will be filled with Oriental businessmen; and mannequins will parade by her swimming pools. *Centaur* is indeed a versatile ship.

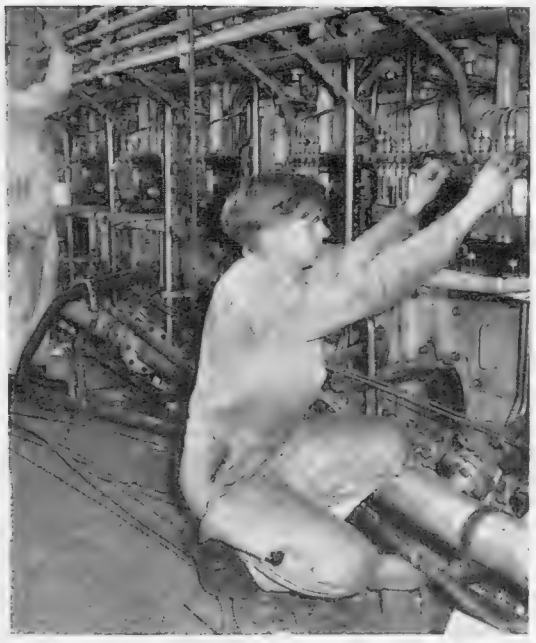




Above: Workmen tighten the propeller cone. On the left a rope guard is being secured; this is designed to prevent mooring ropes from fouling the propeller

Above right: Burmeister and Wain engines are installed in the engine room. The ship has a service speed of 20 knots

Right: The accommodation for livestock on No. 4 upper and lower 'tween decks. The pens are of all-steel construction. Underneath them are the refrigeration lockers in the orlop 'tween deck



Above: Joiners panel the walls of the main lounge on "A" deck. The lounge is divided from the entertainment area and swimming pool by a fully opening screen

Top: Engineers work on the ship's engines

Top left: Wiring the control console in the engine room

Left: The swimming pool is lined with mosaic tiling. At the far end of the pool is a large and colourful contemporary screen designed by Gillespie Mongaroli, made of fibreglass, and illuminated from the interior

TOO MUCH WHISKY?

by The Sphere City Correspondent

110 The Scotch whisky industry celebrated a slightly thoughtful Hogmanay this year. On the surface, things continue splendidly for the amber spirit from the peat bogs. Exports in 1963 set new records, for the 18th successive year. New markets are opening up satisfactorily. The French have taken to drinking the product in torrents: 8 million bottles last year, with the Belgians, the Germans, the Swedes and the Italians coming up fast behind. And Russia accepted the first shipment for general sale since the 1917 Revolution. But there are still clouds around—despite the boom in Europe, total world sales only advanced by 5 per cent., whereas most of the distilling companies' optimistic plans are geared to something more like 11 per cent. (which means a doubling of output every eight years). And a niggling worry is beginning to get around again that towards 1970, when present stocks come to maturity, there may be a lot more whisky about than anybody needs.

Most of the storm warnings are centred over the two biggest customers of all: the United States, and Britain itself. America still takes more than half the Scotch shipped overseas. And not only have US sales flattened off, but in actual value they even went slightly down. The reason for this is to be found in the advance of what the trade rather distastefully refers to as " bulk Scotch."

Thanks to an odd tax hangover from Prohibition days, it is possible to sell whisky taken across the Atlantic in cask at almost $2 a bottle cheaper than the same noble liquid that has been properly bottled beside the Clyde. Effectively, in fact, bottled Scotches pay duty on 14 per cent. of water. And as a result, bulk whiskies—usually brands quite unknown in Perth or Inverary—have gone ahead by leaps and bounds.

At first, most of this trade was done by small, independent blenders (though Gilbey's used it as an outlet for their " Spey Royal " label). But recently the giant Distillers company, which dominates the business, has—rather reluctantly—decided to take a hand itself, and started to export three of its minor blends in cask. Obviously, however, it will move with extreme caution, for there is always the danger that these locally bottled products (" McSporran's Pride—bottled in Chattanooga ") will ultimately damage the immensely profitable prestige attaching to " the Scotch that is made in Scotland." At the moment bulk sales are rising so fast that many people wonder if even Distillers can control the flood.

The slow-down in US " conventional " sales has been coupled with near-stagnation, and a great increase in competition, at home. Many former " export only " names, like Teacher's Highland Cream, and the two leading " light " whiskies, " J. & B. Rare " and " Cutty Sark," which far outsell any Distillers' brand in North America, have come swinging into the fight for the British decanter.

On the Stock Exchange, most of the running over the last five years has been made by the less familiar names like Highland Distilleries, which has an interest in the privately owned " Cutty Sark." But at the moment, despite all the question-marks about the future, there is a good case for thinking that Distillers itself may be the most attractive buy. The troubles of its chemical and plastics division seem to be safely past, and on the spirits side, which still produces four-fifths of the profit, a newly aggressive policy is beginning to make itself felt. The move into bulk Scotch, the recent decision to enter the fast-growing " light " market, and the use of DCL's vast buying power to raise malt prices to the disadvantage of its competitors, will all tend to improve Goliath's position relative to the Davids who have been successfully chipping away at his earning power.

The biggest and most threatening of the Davids is International Distillers and Vintners, formed in 1962 by the merging of Gilbey's with a group including Justerini and Brooks (proprietors of " J. & B. Rare ") and the main overseas agents for Hennessey's Cognac. J. & B.'s record has been fantastic—at the time of the merger, this one brand (easily the biggest seller in New York) produced as much profit as the whole of Gilbey's world-wide empire—but it may take some time to weld the various parts of the new company into a fully efficient machine. On the other hand, Gilbey's move to brand-new quarters at Harlow will bring, among other things, substantial and immediate tax advantages. And the four-monthly progress reports promised by the IDV board will be well worth watching.

A Whisky portfolio

	Price	Yield	Times Covered
Distillers (10s) ..	40s	3·6%	1·7
IDV (5s)	18s 9d	3·4%	1·7
Teacher's (10s)	42s 6d	3·5%	1·7
Seager Evans ..	29s	3·7%*	1·8*
London Merchant	23s 6d	1·3%	1·5

**On the prospectus forecast.*

MIDLANDS MATTERS

by The Sphere Midlands Correspondent

The man who has left an indelible imprint on the footwear industry has retired after 41 years devoted to building up the research association at Kettering to an envied world position. Mr Harold Bradley has guided the Shoe and Allied Trades Research Association through a major technical revolution that he foresaw with a remarkable clarity of vision 30 years or more ago. Now, with the tributes pouring in, he diffidently disclaims a major role, putting it down to teamwork.

Mr Bradley is an unusual combination of physicist and philosopher. He was at the Imperial College of Science when the First World War broke out and joined the Royal Flying Corps with the intention of becoming a pilot. But someone mentioned his name to the Admiralty and he was transferred there to do special work on submarine detection. He had quite a deal to do with the introduction of a new word to the language—asdic—a contraction of "Anti-submarine division of the Admiralty," to disguise the fact that this new anti-submarine device was based on supersonics. After the war he could have gone into the motor car, textile or oil industries, but preferred to take his chance with the new footwear research association, where for a time he was both boss and staff. Only he was there.

The problems of the industry, as he then visualised them, have changed little—lasts, materials and efficiency of production being at the head of the list. As far back as 1923, Mr Bradley foresaw plastic lasts and heels, and 30 years ago, at the British Association meeting in Leicester, he forecast humidification and heat setting of leather uppers, which has only recently made vigorous growth within the industry and is now spreading outward from this country to the rest of the world. He was behind the pioneer survey of children's feet (followed by one on women's) so that lasts could be made for the growing foot. Fashion doomed the women's survey to relative obscurity.

About the impact of fashion on the industry he is philosophical—although, as he points out, it affects only about one quarter of the population (leaving out children, men and the elderly). But it exerts tremendous influence, with disaster for those who guess wrongly. He well understands the psychology of fashion, even if, like the tight lacing of last century or the too-pointed court shoes of this, it ruins feet. Though orthopaedic shoes may never become fashionable, Mr Bradley has done as much as any single man to make footwear comfortable as well as fashionable and to help the industry steer a sensible course through the difficult period of technical change which is still continuing.

Motor engineer retires

Mr Stanley Markland, the man mainly responsible for putting Standard-Triumph International back on the right lines following the Leyland take-over, has retired before seeing the full fruits of his endeavours but at 60 feels he has earned a respite. In the comparatively short time he has been in the Midlands he has won the goodwill and respect both of his colleagues and the shop-floor, and he will be much missed from the daily scene. Few have had wider experience or been more successful in the industry. Joining Leyland in 1920 as an apprentice, he won the first engineering scholarship awarded by the company in the following year. Moving to the research division, he became research engineer in 1937 and assistant chief engineer in 1942, when he was 39.

Between 1939 and 1945, when he became chief engineer, with appointment to the board a year later, he was in charge of tank development, being closely associated with the design of the Cromwell, Comet and other tanks. There is a story told of him which illustrates his dry Lancastrian humour. Sent to America by the Government to study tank developments, he was one day shown the Niagara Falls. His host expatiated on its grandeur: " Look at all those millions of gallons of water falling down!" Mr Markland, the story goes, looked—and commented: " Well, I see nowt to stop 'em."

An exponent of the big diesel engine at a time when such theories were not yet fully accepted, he designed the 9.8 litre which is still being produced today with little modification.

Primarily a research engineer, his production and administration tasks grew. He became responsible for the Albion works in Scotland, and then, on the merger with Standard-Triumph, managing director at Coventry. His first all-Leyland car project there, the Triumph 2000, looks like becoming as big a technical success as the Leyland cars of the early '20's, though in production there is already no doubt about exceeding the 18 Leyland Eights made.

COURTENAY EDWARDS

THE CHEAPEST AUTOMATIC CAR

Ford of Britain's announcement that the Borg Warner Model 35 automatic gearbox is now available as a factory-fitted extra on their 1½-litre Cortina and Corsair models will do much to popularise two-pedal motoring. Never before has a British car firm offered a self-changing gearbox as original equipment on a car of less than 1½ litres; and the Cortina, remember, is being built in bigger volume than any model in the history of British cars.

The least expensive 1,500 c.c. Ford costs £604 (£684 in automatic form) so it becomes the cheapest car on the British market with self-changing gears: a distinction which formerly belonged to France's 956 c.c. rear-engined Renault R8 (£629 inc. tax, with £69 extra—a total of £698—for two-pedal control). The Renault does not use the usual combination of fluid coupling and epicyclic gears, employed by Borg Warner. It has a normal gearbox with a clutch consisting of magnetised powder which " freezes " solid to give the drive. The gears are changed automatically by electrical impulses from a robot " brain."

Closely challenging for the " cheapest automatic " title is Holland's Daf Daffodil, a 746 c.c. twin-cylinder, four-seat saloon which uses a belt-and-pulley drive to give an infinitely variable final ratio. It costs £699.

One reason Fords have chosen the Borg Warner Model 35 box for their 1½-litre cars is that the same unit has been giving such good service with their bigger Zephyr and Zodiac models (for which it is £97 extra). It seems a perfect partner for Ford's 1,498 c.c., four-cylinder engine, which gets a lot of its acknowledged smoothness from its five-bearing crankshaft.

I discussed the prospects of the latest automatic Fords with Mr Terry Beckett, Ford's marketing manager. " I predict for automatic transmission generally," he said, " that the demand will double in the next five years irrespective of cars' size and price." With the Model 35 you get complete over-riding control of the three ratios. Middle and bottom gears can be " held " at will and this gearbox also gives the advantage of engine braking.

Motorists' response to Buchanan

Mr Ernest Marples, Minister of Transport, tells me he has been heartened, as well as helped, by the Gallup Poll on the Buchanan Report sponsored by the *Sunday Telegraph*. In saying this he was not merely referring to the fact that when asked " Do you think Mr Marples is doing a good job or a bad job? " 55 per cent. of the people interviewed said " Good " and only 24 per cent. replied " Bad."

No, the Minister's satisfaction with this Buchanan Poll stems from the fact that Britain's motorists showed themselves to be less selfish, more realistic and of longer vision than they are usually reputed to be. For instance, take the question " Do you agree that some limitation on the use of cars in the larger towns will be necessary in the future? " To that question the overall response was an 83 per cent. Yes, with only 9 per cent. saying No.

Of the drivers questioned, 86 per cent. said Yes, and only 10 per cent. No. Exactly half the drivers interrogated said they would accept tax and rate increases to get our cities rebuilt with separation of traffic from residential, shop and office areas; 38 per cent. were anti. The overall response to this question was 43 per cent. For, 41 per cent. Against.

Perhaps the most surprising response (which may have pleased Mr Marples most by the sense of responsibility it showed) concerned the question " Should public transport be subsidised out of taxes to make it more attractive? " More than half the drivers questioned said No; only 37 per cent. said Yes. A separate record was kept of the answers by those interviewed who habitually drive to work. More than half of these were against subsidisation and only 34 per cent. in favour. The reason given by these commuters for using a car was overwhelmingly (77 per cent.) because it is " more convenient;" there was little disposition to blame the limitations of public transport.

The Transport Minister himself helped to draft the 12 questions included in the Buchanan quiz, which was probably the most complete and authoritative survey of motoring opinion yet attempted. The results, said the Minister, showed that while motorists are determined to enjoy the advantages of car ownership they are equally resolved not to let their way of life be dominated by the motor vehicle.

The Triumph 2000

Now that home market distribution has begun, we shall be hearing more and more about the new Triumph 2000. It was unfortunate for the car division of the Leyland Corporation that their sleek new five-seat saloon was announced at the same time as the similarly named Rover 2000, which it also resembles. For various reasons the Solihull product captured most of the Motor Show limelight but, from now on, the latest Triumph will figure prominently in the motoring news.

Production of the Triumph 2000 is now up to 350 a week and it will soon be 400. First deliveries to the general public started on January 8, by which time Standard-Triumph International had built 2,000 and shared out 1,500 of them among their distributors and dealers.

I had one of these quiet, comfortable, zestful cars out on test recently and was able to do some fast motoring. It certainly lived up to STI's claim that it is a car with " something " that others haven't got. It is a well-equipped car that has not been designed to a price. The heater sends hot air to the back seats; there are warning lights for both choke and fuel supply; there is an effective reversing light; the interior lights are switched on by the opening of any of the four doors; the trafficator stalk also flashes the headlights. The individual front seats are set wide apart and the backrests hinge right back. The walnut veneer on the facia and doorsills gives a touch of elegance and blends well with the more modern design features of the dashboard, including the recessed instrument panel.

The new Triumph is the only car in its class with independent suspension all round. At the rear end it is effected by diagonally pivoted trailing links for *continued on page 112*

The new Standard-Triumph 2000 five-seat saloon, with all independent suspension, costs £1,094

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MOTORING *continued from page 111*

112 which outstanding anti-roll characteristics are claimed. The engine is a smooth six-cylinder unit of 1,998 c.c. developing 90 b.h.p. at 5,000 r.p.m. Top speed is 95 m.p.h., effortless cruising is offered in the eighties and the car will swish to 50 from a standstill in 11 seconds.

The Triumph 2000 costs £1,094, including tax: £170 less than the four-cylinder, 100 m.p.h. Rover 2000. Laycock overdrive is available on the four-speed, all-synchromesh gearbox for £54 and Borg Warner automatic transmission for £94 extra.

Rondine, specially bodied Chevrolet Corvette

Lancia Flaminia 2.8 coupé

Ferrari 330 GT coupé 2 plus 2

Lausanne 1964, special Fiat 2300 coupé

These photographs show four of the special car bodies designed by Pininfarina of Turin. The company is exhibiting 13 different bodies on its stand and on those of Ferrari, Fiat, Lancia and Peugeot, at the International Brussels Motor Show. This is being held until January 26. Among the models is the new 330 GT Ferrari coupé, powered by the 4-litre, 12-cylinder Ferrari engine.

GOOD LIVING *by Ganymede*

Let's face it: the gastronomic reputation of Britain on the continent of Europe is much worse than it deserves to be. We all have met visitors who when asked what they thought of the meals they had in this country would make the cautious reply: " The breakfasts are very good,"—and politely decline to comment on the rest. At a recent meeting with some of my French colleagues when we were discussing the subject of cooking in England, everyone had a tale of woe to tell, of bright green frozen peas like bullets, of overcooked beef and of wines served with the wrong courses.

Against these accusations I took it upon myself to claim that it is now possible to get first class meals in this country and that the days of gastronomic blundering are past. I must admit that I did not get the unanimous support in this claim from all my British colleagues present. One of them, who is very well known and can be a very severe critic at times, insisted that this is not so, that the perfect meal in Britain is still more the exception than the rule.

To strike a note of compromise, I would go so far as to admit that, if you are a stranger, and don't know where to look, it is still possible to be badly served. On the other hand we are not everywhere as bad as our ill-fame abroad leads visitors to expect. Invariably those who have never been here expect to find the worst. I remember meeting, not long ago, a very fine French chef-patron who runs a one Michelin star restaurant not far from Paris. He came to perform his art at a well-known temple of gastronomy in the West Country, and with his family arrived by car. " After we landed in England, we decided to stay the night at . . ." (naming one of our important south coast towns). " And, you know, we had quite a good dinner!" he said with an expression of tremendous surprise. This, of course, was only *one* of his surprises. After a few days here he returned to France, with his old prejudice removed for ever and, in fact, with a healthy respect for the standards of *some* of our hotels and restaurants.

We have made great strides in the raising of our standards in the preparation and service of food over here, and even our most unfavourable critics will admit that our raw materials, especially our meat, are probably as good as the best anywhere. Yet it must be agreed that we have a long way to go before we can discuss the average standard of food in our catering establishments with a knowledgeable Continental, without blushing as we do so.

I can see two chief reasons why we are still lagging behind, and both are attributable to our attitude to these matters. Wherever you go in France, Italy or Belgium, you will find first class food, drink and service in the small and middle sized establishments where the proprietor is himself the chef. How often do you see a genuine " chef-patron " in this country? It is time that we revised our social ideas on the standing of a really first class chef. We have never thought much of a man whose job is to cook for us. There is little social prestige in being a chef. Elsewhere this is not so. A good chef, who does his job meticulously well and often with imagination, is not only respected but regarded with the full admiration he deserves as a fine craftsman or even an artist. With better educational facilities in the hotel and catering industry being developed in this country, this attitude might change slowly in the future. Let us hope that it will.

The other factor is the greater respect for the food itself, and the more painstaking attention to every detail in buying as well as cooking that Continentals have. How many restaurants in Britain do you know which will only cook with the best butter, refuse to use frozen materials, and will insist on using live trout or live lobsters only? The patron of a small country hotel where I stayed recently in Northern France does this. He also insists on the best meat sent down specially from Paris, and goes personally 50 miles twice a week to a fishing port in order to collect absolutely fresh fish.

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 13-15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.*

BRITISH WEATHER has for centuries been unpredictable, though the born countryman has by signs and portents often proved his accuracy as a weather man. Now, the Meteorological Office is supplying us with a monthly long range forecast. Its reliability remains to be proved.

Whatever their deductions may be, one is still faced with the fact that the climate of our Isles is predominantly changeable, especially during the winter months, so the British Public will continue to experience the rough and the smooth, the hazards of winter and the promise of Spring.

Spells of the latter may easily assert themselves without any warning, so take a tip from the Boy Scout's motto, " Be Prepared ", and seize every opportunity of sunny weather for a few days on the open road.

Here is a digest of a few days we spent in late autumn. Leaving our Sussex coastal home, we traversed the South Downs via Bury Hill and came across country to that unspoilt terrain on the verge of Ashdown Forest, with the *Roebuck Hotel,* Wych Cross (on the London/Eastbourne road), as our luncheon objective. Always attractive, never has it enjoyed such excellent management as now. Our meal in cooking and presentation could not be faulted, and for a long winter weekend time spent there would prove all too short.

By cross-country roads, with never a hint of a traffic jam, we came to *Oatlands Park Hotel,* on the outskirts of Weybridge, for the night. How fortunate were we wayfarers to get a vacant room, for though the bed capacity is about 170, over 100 guests reside there more or less permanently; for Oatlands represents in its country surrounds the best hotel value anywhere.

Next day pursuing our cross-country journey, we passed by Virginia Water, Ascot and Bracknell New Town. (Here, we noted one enormous modern pile labelled Meteorological Office!) Skirting Reading, we came to Thames-side and looked in at *Shillingford Bridge Hotel,* which is definitely a place to be noted now that it is under the same ownership as *Ringmer Hotel,* Ringmer, and *Whitefriars Hotel,* Herstmonceux, in Sussex.

Then we passed on to our luncheon objective—*Riverside Hotel,* Burcote, a few miles on the Reading side of Abingdon. Mr and Mrs Miles Humbert, who did so much to put *Tresanton Hotel,* St. Mawes, on the map, have again achieved the seemingly impossible at this once Edwardian private mansion. Both are blessed with the know-how of good food, an interesting " cellar " and, equally, taste in decor and all those et ceteras which make for complete bedroom comfort. With central heating throughout, plus the warmth of the Humberts' friendliness, we doubt whether the Thames could ever freeze alongside the *Riverside's* moorings.

In good heart after an excellent lunch, we made straight for our weekend objective, *Alveston Manor Hotel,* Stratford-on-Avon. Set in seven acres of grounds, on the south side of Stratford's famous Clopton Bridge, the hotel could not be better pitched for motorists approaching Stratford from London, the Cotswolds, or for anyone with the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre as an objective—a few minutes' pleasant stroll along the river bank.

To state that *Alveston Manor Hotel* is now first class would be a generalism that would not do justice to an hotel where the directorate (Motor Lodge Developments Ltd.), management and staff are dedicated to be of day and night service to transient visitors.

Spending two nights we were delighted with our experience. The detailed thought in our bedroom and bathroom was exceptional. All the staff were out to please and, unquestionably, *Alveston Manor* is a worthy addition to the Shakespearean town and for its overseas clientele.

On the Sunday afternoon we took the opportunity of visiting Coventry Cathedral, where we were impressed beyond belief with the basic theme that has inspired all concerned in its construction and completion.

We spent the night in Leamington Spa, at the 45-bedroomed *Spa Hotel,* well away from the traffic disturbance, in Holly Walk. Like many other British Spas " taking the waters " is a habit of the past, and though this *Spa Hotel* may on first impressions, especially on a Sunday night, wear a Victorian air we were quick to discern a friendly and efficient undercurrent. A bright receptionist won our hearts by giving us a choice of bedrooms. A gas fire (no meters) soon removed any chilliness. A friendly dispense bar put us into top gear for the dining room, and our dinner was cooked as we would have liked it at home. For those *not* insistent on private bathrooms, à la carte menus and the like, this *Spa Hotel* undoubtedly appeals, and for ourselves we shall be happy to repeat our experience.

On the Monday we made a devious journey southwards, looked in to view the enlargements and additions which Trust Houses Ltd. have made at the *White Hart,* Buckingham, and then by some careful map-reading ferreted out *Studley Priory Hotel,* Horton-cum-Studley, seven miles north of Oxford.

As a specimen of an Elizabethan Manor, with roots considerably deeper, *Studley Priory* is well worth visiting, the more so because the present resident owners, Major and Mrs E. E. Parke, are well versed in the gastronomic arts and have redecorated and refurnished a large part of the Priory in harmony with its traditional past. Central heating throughout takes over from any chill-some air outside.

There was a perceptive nip in the air when we headed south the next morning. What a joy was the contrasting warmth as we stepped into the entrance lounge of *Brimpton Grange Hotel* at Milton Common, where Mr and Mrs T. Brooks-Pilling have, since they acquired the property, wrought wonders in refurnishing, redecorating and reheating. At the same time they have built up such a reputation for wine and food that the hotel has been awarded the motoring organisations' rosette.

Another feature in *Brimpton Grange's* favour is, thanks to specially built staff quarters and the human manner in which the Brooks-Pillings treat their employees, that they have no staff problems and so the smooth running of the hotel remains constant.

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